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BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11, 1892.
NO. 31

Republican National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
BENJIMAN HARRISON,
OF INDIANA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
WHITELAW REID,
OF NEW YORK.

Republican State Ticket

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT,
JOHN DEAN. (of Blair.)

CONGRESSMEN-AT-LARGE,
ALEXANDER McDOWELL,
of Mercer,
WILLIAM LILLY, (of Carbon.)

ELECTORS-AT-LARGE.

WILLIAM WOOD,	(of Philadelphia.)
B. F. JONES,	(of Allegheny.)
J. FRANCIS DUNLAP,	(of Lancaster.)
WILLIAM H. SAWYER,	(of Delaware·)

THE apprehensions which the Democrats feel about Chairman Carter are shown by the ugly fight they are opening upon him. Chairman Carter, however, continues to saw wood.

D. B. HILL's intention of resigning the senatorship is probably owing to the fact that there is only one office in sight for him. Hill is not happy unless he is hanging on to two offices at once.

IT is now said that Candidate Cleveland proposes to "modify" the tariff plank of the Democratic platform. It is difficult to see why he should take the trouble to do that, as the platform has already been trampled under foot by him.

HARRITY is going to hang on to his office of Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania while he is giving his time to Cleveland's campaign. Cleveland may not be able to provide for him after the campaign. Evidently the Democratic chairman is not willing to take chances.

—Postmasters throughout the United States have just been notified by First Assistant Postmaster General Whitefield that they must not furnish the address of and recipient of mail matter to any person who may apply for it. This cuts off most thoroughly an avenue of information that has heretofore proved invaluable to collectors and collecting agencies. It has also aided police officials and private detectives to trace people from one city to another faithfully, promptly and cheaply.

THE country must not be cheated by Grover Cleveland's efforts to "modify" the tariff plank of his party into supposing that he has experienced a change of heart and is less a free trader than before. It is clearly and unmistakably a case of "funk." He fears the protection sentiment of the American people. He seeks to conciliate them by professions of regard for "American interests." He has no more regard for American interests than has the tariff plank cf the Chicago platform, but from motives of policy he wants to "wait until after election" before saying so.

THE Democratic platform says: "We denounce Republican protection as a fraud." There is no way in which that can be misconstructed or distorted. It is a threat to the whole existing economic condition of the nation. Such being the case Grover Cleveland knows that no man who stands on it can hope to be elected President of the United States, so he seeks to "modify" it. The reason is exactly the same that led the Democratic House of representatives from passing a free lumber bill, and a free iron ore bill, namely, a truckling cowardice about openly declaring a policy to the people. It is accompanied by exactly the same reservation as that made by the House—"Wait until after election." If the Democrats are successful they propose to play smash "after the election."

FORCES TO SURRENDER.

The Democrats in the House of Representatives have been forced to surrender to public opinion. The action of the House in passing the Durborow bill appropiating $2,500,000 for the Worlds Fair will help the fair, but it will not help the Democracy. It was so evidently brought about by the coercion of outside sentiment that the Democratic party can gain no credit from the bill's passage. Nearly one-third of the Democratic membership of the House was recorded against the measure. The American people, and especially the people of the Western States, will not forget the obstinate and ugly antagonism of the Democracy to the great national enterprise at Chicago.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON AUG. 9, '92.

Now that Congress has at last got away. Washington is giving its undivided attention to preparing to make the coming G. A. R. encampment a memorable occasion. It is already the principal topic of conversation everywhere one goes, and every body seems determined to do something to add to its success. Scores of our most prominent business men, instead of taking their usual summer vacation, are here hard at work as members of the various committees in charge of the preparations for the encampment, and there is much more enthusiasm among them than I have ever seen displayed over the preliminaries of a Presidential inauguration. Commander-in-chief Palmer, and a number of his staff are here rendering valuable assistance to the citizens committees.

The news that Mrs. Harrison was not making as much progress towards the recovery of her health as had been expected was most sorrowfully received here, and nothing but words of the most heartfelt sympathy for the President and wishes for her speedy return to good health are heard on all sides. Private Secretary Hal ford is in charge of the White House and no business, unless it be of the most urgent and pressing nature, will be referred to the President while he remains at Loon Lake with Mrs. Harrison.

Secretary Noble who has stuck so close to his desk this summer as to imperil his health has gone with Mrs. Noble for a four or five weeks vacation. The first two weeks will be spent in northern Wisconsin then they will take a trip to the northwest, going as far as Washington, and, perhaps to British Columbia, visiting several tribes of Indians enroute.

Gen. Grant; acting Secretary of War has replied to the protest against the employment of Army bands by Knight Templars Commanderies attending the conclave at Denver, Colorado, made by The National Association of Musicians. He says the department has done nothing in the matter except to grant leave of absence to the members of the bands in question, and that it would be impossible for the Government to obtain good musicians if they were not allowed to make extra money by private employment, but that the Army bands are strictly prohibited under any circumstances from underbidding civilian bands.

Judge Crounse, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, having been nominated for Governor by the republicans of Nebraska will, as soon as he gets the business in his office in good shape to turn over to his successor, resign and give his undivided attention to the campaign. If the Judge is as popular in Nebraska as he is in Washington, his majority is likely to be phenominal

Senator Allison says that the appropriations made by the first session of the Fifty second Congress aggregate $507,000,000, against $463,000,000 made by the first session of the so called billion dollar Congress an increase of $44.000,000. This increase would have been very much larger if the actual necessities of the Government had been provided for, to say nothing of appropriations for needed new public buildings, none of which passed during the session just closed. It is admitted by democrats in both the Senate and House that the Post Office Appropriation bill as it became a law is millions of dollars less than the actual necessities of the service calls for, and that a big deficit is inevitable. The same is true to a smaller extent of other appropriations, and the fact is well known to the democrats who deliberately reduced the appropriations for the purpose of decieving the people until after the National election, knowing that the deficits will then have to be made good, and notwithstanding this scheming this Congress has appropriated $44,000,000 more than the first session of the last Congress did. Republican extravagance will not be a favorite text with democratic stump speakers this year, and the misrepresentations of 1890, cannot possibly be repeated.

Most men in political life have to content themselves with having their official actions approved by members of their own party, but ex-Speaker Reed is a most striking exception, he has had everyone of the innovations he was responsible for having introduced in the last House approved by his political opponents of the present House, with the single exception of "counting a quorum". The democrats not only approved, but they actually adopted the very rules they had abused the republicans for adopting at Mr. Reed's suggestion. The cloture rule, which was refused the free silver men, had to be reported and adopted before the World's Fair appropriation could be put through the House, which was another evidence of the hypocrisy of the democratic leaders in dealing with legislation of national importance.

FOR THE MOUNTAINS, AND BY THE SEASIDE.

A drowsy August afternoon, the light shimmering through the dense leaves of the broad spreading beech-trees; a figure lying upon the grass holding in his hand a Magazine—not too heavy—just heavy enough for easy holding—the Cosmopolitan, for August; just the sort of reading matter for a mid summer afternoon—full of attractive illustrations, scenes and life in the far off Phillipine Island, with an experience of an earthquake photographs on the Atlantic Beach accompanying a charming sketch of Jersey's "Salt-Water Bay," by Hamlin Garland; charming Spanish bits by the artist Chase, lovely vistas, and enticing groves, illustrating a California Farm Village, in which Col. Fitzsimmons describes the growth and development of a model community of fruit farms. Of the fiction, Henry James, "Jersey Villrs" makes delightful midsummer reading and there is an old story of Southern Life, phile Curiosities of Musicat Literature will furnish a half-hour's entertainment for every lover of music English high society is always an entertaining subject when discussed by one who is of it, and knows it thoroughly, Henry Arthur Herbert of Mucross, formerly an Officer of the Guards and an M. P., gives in an entertaining way the cause of the revolution which has taken in the society of London during the past thirty years. Even Murat Halstead's description of the Convention at Minneapolis is breezy and bright, and the beautiful photographs which illustrate an article on Bridges and bridge Building would attract a very unscientific reader. The one heavy article of the number is that of the famous English writer on evolution, St. George Mivart. It is a part of the discussion in which he seeks to harmonize the principles of Evolution with the doctrines of Christianity—one of the most important series of papers ever produced dy a Magazine, and attracting the widest attention among religious and scientific minds. both in England and this country.

WHAT TO DO WITH STRAY CATTLE.

Every now and then we are inquired of as to the law regarding strays, and from what we know or gather from the lack of knowledge seeming to prevail upon this subject many stray cattle are disposed of in a way that if it was contested in law would get the person who has the strays in possession into trouble. The law is plain upon this subject, as follows: If you take up a stray animal you must within ten days give notice of it to your township clerk, who must make an entry of the same; then you advertise the animal in your local paper and sixty days after such advertisement has appeared you apply to your justice of peace to sell the animal; he issues a warrant to the constable, who gives ten day's notice by posters and then sells it, and you get what expense you have been at including advertising and costs out of the proceeds of the sale. The penalty for taking up a stray and not giving notice is $5, and beside this the owner can come upon your place and take it away without paying you anything.

TOO MUCH FREE TRADE.

A Tinware Manufacturer Leaves the Democratic Party.

[New York Press]

Ex-Park Commissioner Daniel M. Somers, of Brooklyn, has resigned from the Democratic General Committee and declared that he will not support Cleveland, as he cannot indorse the free-trade plank of the Democracy.

Mr. Somers is one of the leading tin manufacturers of the country. Since the adoption of the McKinley bill Somers Brothors, of which Mr. Somers is a member, have put up an immense tin factory in Brooklyn.

FIGURES THAT TESTIFY.

During the last year of President Cleveland's administration our exports were less than our imports—the balance of $28,062,607.

During the past year, under President Harrison and the McKinley act, we have sold to other nations $202,944,342 worth of merchandise *more thean we have bought.* The balance of trade is thus handsomely *on our side.*

That our exports are so much increased, that the proportion of free imports is greater than ever before that competitive imports have decreased—*for these things the nation must thank the Republican policies of protection and reciprocity.*

The Eureka yes? the Eureka Grocery is the place to buy groceries. Earl C. Tuten is manager of the store, and he has as assistant one of the best clerks in Centre county, in the person of George Marshel. Earl always deals on the square call and see. Store High street Bellefonte next door to Post office.

A NEW YORK DEMOCRAT ESTIMATES AS TO THE STRENGTH OF THE PARTIES.

A New York democrat writes to the *Herald* of that city estimating the probable strength of the People's Party. It may prove interesting to students of the situation he says:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

Please let me do a little figuring. I differ with your mathematician's in yesterday's HERALD.

Say that the popular vote will be 14,000,000. Harrison will lose much more than ten per cent, and Cleveland much more than twenty per cent. This would give Weaver in my opinion as good a chance as Cleveland or Harrison on the popular vote.

The late Colonel Polk, president of the Farmer's Alliance, estimated the probable vote of the People's party at 2,000,000. Since the Omaha Convention it is certainly likely to be much greater. This is the result of my observation after three months' traveling in the South and West. The troubles in Idaho and at Homestead will take votes of hundreds of thousands of working men from Harrison and Cleveland and give them to Weaver. Both the democratic and republican parties will lose heavily because Carnegie, the protected, is a republican, and Governor Pattison, who is a democrat, has not shown that he is in sympathy with wage laborers. The cruel punishment of Iams will cost both parties 250,000 votes each, which will surely go to Weaver.

Then that free silver question is almost a religion in the West. It means hundreds of thousands of votes for Weaver and while I think New York will go Republican I believe that Pennsylvania will go democratic by a small majority. It will be a protest against Carnegie.

The news on the morning of November 9 will astonish several millions of people. It may be the unexpected which well happen. Like Senator Hill, I am a democrat and shall vote the straight ticket, but frankly, I don't see how Cleveland is to be elected by straight Electoral votes, and as for Harrison, the Homestead business has killed him with a great body of laborers who are Republicans, whether they are pro tectionists or free traders.

FREDRICK KNIGHT.

No. 483 West Twenty-second street, New York, August 1.

WE ARE ASKED A QUESTION.

Granting the expediency of a Protective policy for a country like the United States, do you believe it would be equally beneficial for other nations? Might Free-Trade be better for a country like England, for instance?

OUR ANSWER.

American Protectionists have never been narrowminded enough to state it as an economic axiom that Protection is equally desirable and advantageous for all countries. Unlike the Free-Trade economists, whose greatest mistake has been that they have advocated Free Trade as a universal panacea, American supporters of the Protective policy have confined themselves to pointing out the benefits which that policy has conferred upon the United States in the past, snd the necessity for its continuance in the future. With foreign nations and foreign industrial policies they have concerned themselves very little. And for this there has been a peculiar reason. The question of Protection in the United States, of the desirability or expediency of such a policy, is quite different from the Protective question as other countries have had to deal with it. The continental character of our country, its vast and almost unlimited resources, its great natural wealth in field, forest and mine—conditions utterly unlike those ruling in any other nation on the globe—these are the ever present circumstances which the American statesman must take into view in his search for an American economic policy. The fundamental reasons why Protection is necessary for us, therefore, may be entirely different from the reasons which dictate its adoption elsewhere, a fact which many of the liberal Free-Traders have at last come to recognize. Thus the London *Morning Post*, a few days since, contained the following editorial reflection:

In the United States we have the population of a vast region abounding in natural wealth and experiencing great varieties of climate. Their purpose of building up great home industries to develop their own resources is useful, quite apart from abstract reasoning on the virtues of Free-Trade as the test of economics salvation.

This exactly expresses the reasons which impelled our early statesmen to advocate Protection, the reason why it is essentially necessary for a country like ours.

As our readers know, however, our support of the present American Tariff policy has not been based solely on these grounds With us a no less important reason has been that Protection tends to raise, or at least maintain, wages to preserve the home market, to aid in securing continuous production; and we are prepared to state that in so far as that policy is able to produce these results, it is advantageous—even if not equally so—for all industrial nations. In other words, Protection as a wager maintainer, as a preserver of the home market, as an aid to production, is a policy whose beneficent effects are not confined to one country, but are found at least to some extent in all countries wherein it has been tried. This is due primarily to the present organization of industrial society. Progress in invention and the application of the forces of nature to production have so revolutionized industry, that the capacity of the world in production has nearly if not quite overtaken the capacity of non-producing nations in consumption. In other words, the "markets of the world" are no longer large enough to obsorb everything that the great industrial nations are able to produce. The home market should, therefore, be the all-important market for every nation, and Protection every nation's policy.

For when, by the application of that policy, every nation has secured control of its own market, then wages, prices and the condition of the people in each country will be regulated according to that country's own standards and needs. And while this conception of society may not be as noble or philosphical as that other in which the world is regarded as one great country and all people are equally prosperous, yet we cannot refrain from thinking that, in the present stage of human progress, a policy which produces these results is not only the most practical but the one best calculated to accomplish and secure the greatest good of the greatest number.

HARRISON TO THE RAILROAD MEN

You are the responsible and intelligent agents of a vast system that, from a rude and clumsy beginning, has grown to be as fine and well adapted as the parts of the latest locomotive engine. The necessities and responsibilities of the business of transportation have demanded a body of picked men—inventive and skilful, faithful and courageous, sober and educated—and the call has been answered, as your presence here to night demonstrates. [Cheers] Heroism has been found at the throttle and the brake, as well as on the battle field, and as well worthy of song and marble. The trainman crushed between the platforms, who used his last breath, not for prayer or message of love, but to say to the panic-stricken who gathered around him, „Put out the red light for the other train," inscribed his name very high upon the shaft where the names of the faithful and brave are written. [A voice: "Give him three cheers for that!" Great and enthusiastic cheering].

This early and very large gathering of Republican railroad men suggests to me that you have opinions upon public questions which are the products of your own observation and study. Some one will say that the railroad business is a "non-protected industry," because it has to do with transportations and not with production. But I only suggest what has already occurred to your own minds when I say that is a very deceptive statement. You know there is a relation between the wages of skilled and unskilled labor as truely as between the prices of two grades of cotton cloth; that if the first is cut down, the other, too. must come down. [Cries of "That's just so!"] You know, also, that if labor is thrown out of one line or avenue, by so much the more will the others be crowded; that any policy that transfers production from the American to the English or German shop works an injury to all American workmen. [Great cheering].

But, if we could be shown that your wages were unaffected by our system of protective duties, I am sure that your fellowship with your fellow-toilers in other industries would lead you to desire, as I do and always have, that our legislation may be of that sort that will secure to them the highest possible prosperity [applause]—wages that not only supply the necessities of life, but leave a substantial margin for comfort and for the savings bank. No man's wages should be so low that he cannot make provision in his days of vigor for the incapacity of accident or the feebleness of old age. [Great cheering. [*Benjamin, Harrison Indianapolis, July 13 1888.*

DEATH IN THE CUP.

It is well to bear in mind that alcohol is a potent ally of the sun in sapping the vital forces in this season of excessive heat. The man who imagines that he can get cooler by pouring liquid fire down his throat and sending it coursing through his veins, whether the liquid fire is concentrated in the form of whisky or diluted in the form of beer, is supremely foolish, and if he indulges too freely he is liable to pay a serious penalty for his folly.

A PRIESTS POLITICAL VIEWS.

The Venerable Father Malone on Candidates and Current Issues.

The venerable Father Sylvester Malone, of Brooklyn, is enthusiastic in his support of Harrison and Reid. A few days ago he was interviewed by a Saratoga reporter, and he said:

"Put me down as an out-and-out Republican. Harrison's was the best nomination that the Republican party could have made. After Mr. Blaine he stands as the representative man in ability to express himself fully upon all the questions of the day, I sent him a congratulatory message soon after the nomination and had the pleasure of receiving a telegram from Mr. Harrison in return thanking me for my consideration. The selection of Grover Cleveland brings the issue of a very important question before the whole American people—tariff or no tariff."

Speaking of the Federal Elections bill he said: "I don't understand that measure in the way the Democrats present it. I apprehend it to mean fair play to voters in the South, that a vote cast shall be counted and that the choice of that vote will be recognized in the election. I don't believe any party would dare pass a force bill that would aim at selfish or purely partisan ends. If a Democratic or Republican ticket is voted, let it be counted. If we allow law to be set at naught in any section of the county and the sacredness of the ballot destroyed, it will spread and consume the republic itself, because the only safety of the nation is an honest vote of every citizen and an honest count from those who have the responsible office of counting the ballots. It's false presentments of the matter should not enter into the controversy at this presidental election."

NON-UNION DEMOCRAT ORGANS.

[New York Press]

One of the first problems that the Democratic Campaign Committee will have to wrestle with is the non-union newspapers which support the free-trade candidate. A committee of Typographical Union No. 6 has been appointed to bring the attention to the fact that all the non-union newspapers in New York city are Democratic. They include the powerful *Staats Zeitung*, *Evening Post*, and Brooklyn *Eagle*.

The leading Democratic newspaper of Pennsylvania, the Philadelphia *Record*, in which Governor Pattison is a small stockholder, and whose proprietor is also an intimate political associate and personal friend of Mr. Harrity, the new Democratic national chairman, is also opposed to organized labor. The Buffalo *Courier* and the Louisville *Courier Journal* owned and edited by Mr. Watterson, the free-trade leader and the famous writer of Democratic platforms, are among the newspapers which organized labor will endeavor to bring into the union by political pressure.

TARIFF PICTURE.

Mr. W. M. Grosvenor, one of the statisticians whose service were engaged by the Senate Finance sub-committee on the course of wages and prices under the McKinley law, compiled tables of American wages and American prices from 1860 to date, including 200 articles in common use. He demonstrates that $100 had no more purchasing power in 1860 than 376 has now, and that the rise of wages and the decline of prices under protection have been such that a given amount of labor in 1892 buys almost exactly twice the actual quantity of commodities that it bought in 1860

TARIFF PICTURES.

Under "foreign competition" (to wit, the competition of American cloth industries started up by the McKinley law) the average weekly wages of weavers in Bradford, the great woolen manufacturing center of England, decreased from $3.24 in 1890 to $3.08 in 1891. That is a heavy decrease for one year. Meanwhile the Senate finance sub-committee, including two Democrats, unanimously reported the other day that wages in the United States are higher than they were before the enactment of the McKinley law.

A SINGLE RESULT OF PROTECTION

Patchogue, L. I., two years ago had a bleaching factory employing a few hands on imported lace curtains. The tariff on curtains was increased. Result? Patchogue now has a factory working fourteen machines, employing over 200 hands, with a pay roll of $1,500 weekly, or $78,000 per year.

Nearly $400,000 worth of lace curtains will be made annually in this new factory unless a Democratic President and Democratic Congress should be elected next November.

This is one of the results of the Republican tariff policy.

REJECTED WITH SCORN.

"Shut in?"

"If we can only make the workmen hear before they get away."

"Do you mean that if we do not we shall be imprisoned here indefinitely?"

The sudden storm raged about the high tower room in which Conrad Hammond, bachelor and clubman, and Virginia Redwood, prospective M.D. and missionary to native Hindu women, found themselves, by the crashing to of a ponderous door, unexpectedly incarcerated.

The tower belonged to an unfinished country residence, and that country residence—the ubiquitous reporter had already informed the country press that it was to be one of the finest in the country—was the property of Conrad Hammond himself.

An hour before the slanting sun that had been shining out of an unclouded August sky had become abruptly obscured, and the young man, meeting Miss Redwood in one of the long walks she was wont to take for miles outside the sleepy old historic village with her huge blooded mastiff, had offered her the shelter of his tower during the impending storm. Great drops were already descending with an ominous accompaniment of thunder, and Virginia, after a brief hesitancy, had accepted the proffered hospitality, while Hammond, who had been riding, tied his horse to a tree. And this was the result!

The tower stood on the farther side of a sweeping lawn that divided it from the house, in which the sound of the workmen's hammers and saws had just ceased, and to make one's self heard from its windows in the tumult of the elements had become an impossibility. The wind which, suddenly pouring down the winding staircase that led to the tower-room, had violently flung the door, above its last step, in the lock, carried away Hammond's reiterated calls in ineffectual whispers. The lock was provisional and on the side of the stairs only. And when the entire situation dawned on the girl's bewilderment, she put this last question to her companion with a face that had grown a trifle white and rigid.

"The workmen will be back early in the morning of course," replied the latter, endeavoring to speak lightly, but pulling nervously at his moustache the while, "and we can't starve in the interim. Still—"

"Are you certain that the door cannot be broken open?" Virginia inquired, controlling herself forcibly.

"Unfortunately I fear it cannot." He was a man of muscular build. He threw himself against the heavy plank, pushing against it with his shoulders until the veins showed on his forehead. A faint creaking of the wood was the only reward of his efforts.

"Then we must wave our handkerchiefs—make some sign!" said the girl, quickly. "Surely some one must see us."

But even as she spoke she knew that any such attempt would be futile. The house and tower were isolated in the midst of large grounds.

Evening was coming on apace and they were three miles from the village. The thought of the anxiety that would be felt about her in her home added a fresh pang to her alarm. She was a young woman who was exceedingly proud of her self control, of her equanimity in all eventualities of life. But she was conscious now of a distinct sense of painful discomfort. And of all men, to be placed in such an embarrassing position with this man. With this Conrad Hammond for whom she had so very small a measure of consideration or respect, and so large a measure of contemptuous dislike! With this idle man of the world, supposed to be so irresistible to women.

Without knowing it—and, indeed, how could a young woman devoted to such lofty aims in life linger upon thoughts of her personal qualifications?—Miss Redwood had a face most expressive of her inner soul, an eye beam most eloquent of her condition of feeling and mind. Looking at her now her companion in imprisonment said:

"I think I need not tell you how deeply I regret that my carelessness in leaving that door unpropped in this terrific wind should have led you into so unpleasant a situation, Miss Redwood. Especially as I cannot but feel you could scarce have met with such a misfortune in the society of anyone who would be more distasteful to you."

The rain had abated and the wind was sinking, but the clouds hung threateningly low, and in these already shortening August days a glimmering greyness was beginning to invade the tower-room. A rough wooden bench used at some time by the workmen and half covered with shavings, occupied one side of the circular room, and on it Virginia had seated herself, her fingers interlocked, her handsome young eyes turned sternly away.

Although this Conrad Hammond, whose charms and good looks (and riches) women so liberally extolled, and for whom she personally had always felt such an unaccountable aversion, had had the good taste to take up his stand at the further end of the small room, she was uncomfortably aware that his glance questioned her with strange insistence through the dark. Wrapped up in her desire for a useful and worthy career, she had always shown herself supremely indifferent both to her own severe, Diana-like young beauty and to any emotion it might arouse in the men with whom she came in contact. For this man her usual indifference had become accentuated into a latent and irritating sense of antagonism. All the summer, though he had never shown any pursuit of her that could be construed into deliberate courtship, she had been conscious of a silent attention on his part, always centered on herself. She had resented it tacitly, at times with an undefined nervousness which filled her with anger against herself. She was fired with a constant wish to tell him how very poor was the opinion she had of him. Now, as he stood regarding her with folded arms, these indefinite feelings rolled up within her with a complex force that broke at last in articulate words. If only he would not stare so how thankful she would be!

"I don't know quite what you mean," she rejoined, tersely and coldly, upon his last speech. "No one could make this predicament itself anything but unwelcome. It is not a question of personal taste or distaste."

He laughed a little, shortly.

"Ah! you are begging the question, Miss Redwood."

She flushed haughtily.

"I never do that. If you must know—will know—the truth, I have no respect for your views of life—no. And I judge a man by his life," announced this uncompromising young medical student.

"You are severe!"

"I don't think I am unjustly so." Her large eyes flashed upon him in the deepening darkness with indignant fearlessness. "I simply have no respect for men who live in luxurious indolence on this toiling, writhing earth, where countless millions work and suffer! Still less for men who cultivate the reputation of Don Juans and Lovelaces."

A silence fell between them. Hammond could no longer distinguish clearly the features of her face. The rain had cooled the air, and with the advent of night a certain chilliness had crept into the bare, high-perched tower-room. Now and again a soughing gust of wind circled the massive stone walls about them and died away in a murmur of trees. At the foot of the tower Virginia's mastiff barked shortly and insistently.

"Poor Don!" murmured the girl, softly.

She had seemingly almost forgotten the man across the room. But she started a little, imperceptibly, when he spoke again. His face was quite shrouded from her now, and she could but just discern the outlines of his figure; but she was conscious of a tone in his voice that had never been there before.

"However scant your own respect may be for a man whom you think of as glorying in the final two epithets you have used, I can prove to you that such a man is capable of greater respect for a good woman, on his side, than you seem willing to credit. I had not intended saying anything to you now. But before we were liberated from this mouse-trap to-morrow it was my determination to offer you my name and hand—to ask you to be my wife."

"And I would have refused both gift and request," answered the girl, slowly and distinctly. "I refuse now. I am not so afraid of what the world may say. My life lines are to lie so far from the scandalous gossips of so-called society that I can afford to be very indifferent to any unjust blight that may be cast upon my name by reason of this miserable accident. As a man of honor you might offer to marry me—such are the artificial codes of the thing we call social life. But I, as a woman of honor, can marry no man in whatever unfortunate position I may have been placed who does not love me and whom I do not love in return." Her voice trembled.

"And who tells you that I do not love you?" asked Hammond, in compressed accents. She felt him draw a step nearer in the darkness. "That I should speak now is what I never thought, never desired. But since one word has been uttered the entire truth may as well follow. I love you. I have loved you exclusively, devotedly, passionately—since the first day I saw you. You have avoided me, heaped contempt upon me. I have but loved you the more. You are the one love of my life. I have wanted no other woman for my wife. I want you. You may treat me as you will now. The day will come when you will—when you must—love me. I tell you that—here—this moment. And there will come a time when you will remember my words. I am a man who is not afraid of the truth. When that door crashed to, and I realised the position in which you were unavoidably placed, I said to myself that this might be my opportunity—that you might now be shown what was in my heart, and might consent to marry me. Was this wrong? Will you judge me as harshly for this as for all my other suppositious misdemeanors? Love such as mine for you makes its own law. Do you not realise that? I may have tasted too many of the bitter-sweet fruits of life, but I have never been a base man nor a dissipated one. And now I want to be a better one than I have been; to lead a more useful, a worthier existence. It is you who have inspired this wish. And if you will in time love me, you can make of me what you will."

She had heard him through to the final word, but now her voice broke upon the last passionate vibration of his with a vibration as passionate.

"And you call yourself an honorable man and take such an occasion as this to drive me to bay? You say such words to me now—now—when I am constrained to listen to anything you may choose to utter? Is this a time to force a love you have justly divined would be distasteful on a girl so defenceless against intrusion as I am at this instant? But you have already declared that you thought this a strangely happy opportunity! At least you are candid in unmasking your soul and your views, Mr. Hammond! Let me be equally candid and assure you that even had I some feeling of a possible liking for you—which is never the case—this scene, the unmanly and ungentlemanly advantage you have taken of my position, would be more than sufficient to kill outright not only such feeling, but the last lingering spark of respect I might have entertained for you in the bargain!"

She paused, and she now for the first time perceived that she was trembling in every limb. Hammond had made no sound—had not stirred in his place. Only after what seemed an interminable pause she heard him move towards the window. When he spoke his voice had changed as much as though it were the voice of another man.

"You are entirely right. I beg your pardon. I acquiesce entirely in the opinion you have formed of me. I have labored under a great delusion. But it is still possible, perhaps, to save you in another way from the consequences of this unfortunate accident."

The scattered clouds had broken a little and projected against the pale square of night-light in the window. Virginia could see the vague outlines of his head and shoulders. Suddenly he seemed to swing himself upward. A sharp pang of undefined terror clutched her.

"What are you going to do?"

"Swing myself on the top branches of that tree, and trust to heaven to get to the ground safely from there."

"Mr. Hammond!" She had started forward, her knees quaking under her. "It is not possible that you can be so insane, so foolhardy—"

Her words broke in a low cry. An evanescent ray of moonlight had filtered palely through the clouds, and Virginia saw the mad leap—heard a sharp creaking and snapping of boughs. Then the moonlight disappeared. The clouds closed again over the place where it had been.

Virginia had sunk on her knees.

The next thing of which she had a consciousness was of the bright light from a lantern that had been swung upon her face. Don was licking her hands and face in a canine transport of joy and alarm. Voices resounded around her, and she recognised the kindly accents of a gardener's wife, whose cottage, a mile off, she had frequently passed in her walks.

"It's fainted she has, poor dear! And no wonder! Shut up here in the dark alone, and how do you expect she ever got up here? Mr. Hammond was right then when he said he thought he heard a voice calling for help from the top of the tower as he rode by down by the entrance to the grounds."

"It was pretty far off to hear," answered the voice of the woman's husband. "Still, when the night is so quiet. . . . But the funny thing is Mr. Hammond didn't stop to see what it was himself, instead of riding on so far as our house."

"He said he wasn't sure, Caleb. Only when he come to think of it he suspected more and more that something might be wrong. But he didn't have time to go back then."

Virginia had aroused herself then, her bewilderment all gone. He had shielded her carefully then to the last!

"Heaven be thanked, miss!" exclaimed the gardener's wife. "Are you feeling better? And how did it ever happen, ma'am?"

"I will tell you later. Could you get me home now? I seem to have little strength."

Before the two worthy people retired definitely for the night, the woman said to her husband:

"I tell you it's been a dreadful shock to Miss Redwood, Caleb. Did you see how strange her eyes looked? so full of pain, like? and white? White as a ghost!"

* * * * *

In the lush freshness of the following June the county house of Conrad Hammond stood bolted, barred, and unfinished. He had been away nearly a year, and work thereupon had been suspended indefinitely. To the letters of his lawyer and agents he had replied, "Leave everything as it is. I don't know when I shall return." For the rest, the sleepy old historic village ceased to wonder and settled again into its somnolent indifference.

The silence of the weed-grown grounds was now so rarely broken by human voice or footfall that the sudden call, "Don! Don! Down sir!" reverbated strangely under the shade of the pathway. At its turning a man had suddenly appeared, and Conrad Hammond and Virginia Redwood looked wordlessly, breathlessly into each other's faces.

"I thought you were abroad," stammered the girl. How should she account for her presence here—under the very shadow of the tower in which such words had been spoken the last time she had ever seen him? and what would he think of the hot blood crimsoning her cheek, and the trembling of the hand that held Don in leash?

"And I thought you had gone to India," he said.

"I go next week."

"And you came here—here—once again before leaving?" He had drawn closer to her, and his hungry eyes read her timid ones. "Virginia, are you sure you did not make a mistake that night ten months ago? If I should tell you now what I told you then would you answer as you did? Would you still go to India?"

She had covered her face with her hands. Her words came broken and slow.

"No. I mistook my heart that night. I have known it since. I know it now."

BRIGHT-EYES.

It was in the month of June that Bright-Eyes, the Indian girl, who had been brought up by the old backwoodsman, Silas Parker, and his wife, as their own child, went out into the woods to gather blueberries.

There had been a fire in the woods that winter, and where it ran the berries grew thick. When Bright-Eyes had filled her pails she would walk down into the village and go calling from house to house, "Berries, blueberries! who wants nice blueberries?" until she had disposed of them all. And what with the berries and sassafras bark, which she sold to the druggist, and wintergreen and calamus root, and nuts in autumn, and her little bead-work bags, there was always enough to put by to buy Bright-Eyes her gray calico frocks, shoes for her pretty feet, yarn for her stockings, and those little stiff straw hats, which she trimmed with the gray wings of the birds that Father Parker shot at times. Bright-eyes was very independent, and fonder of giving than receiving.

To-day, the berries being so thick, she had a great harvest, and high noon had come and it was time that she went home, tidied herself, and went down to the village to be in time for the housekeepers who wanted berries for tea; when, as she gathered up her pails, slinging them to a sort of yoke she placed upon her neck, she heard a groan hard by, and after some search found a man lying among the underbrush, bleeding from a terrible wound in his shoulder and apparently near his end.

The first thing Bright-Eyes did was to stanch the wound as well as she could, with certain herbs of which she knew, and bind it with her apron; the next to go for aid.

In a little time the old woodsman and his men arrived, and together they bore the wounded stranger to their home. The rough, self-taught surgeon of the place attended him; the bullet was extracted, the fever allayed.

That the man had accidentally shot himself had been self-evident from the first and it was certain that had not Bright-Eyes found him in the woods he would have bled to death in a very little while.

He seemed grateful, and not averse to expressing his feelings.

Old Parker, as he expressed it, "took a shine to him."

"Though he's a city chap and a college fellow," he said, "he don't put on no frills."

The name he gave them was Charles Graham, and he would gladly have compensated his host for all the trouble and expense he had been at, but that in the far west, at that date, the thought of receiving payment for such things was never entertained.

"Stay as long as you like; we're glad to have you," old Parker said, and Graham lingered.

That Bright-Eyes was the attraction was soon very evident.

More than one man of the place had married an Indian girl, and Bright-Eyes was a Christian and went to the little church on Sunday, and wore the dress and had the ways of white women.

Moreover, she was beautiful. No one wondered at his fancy.

The girl gave him her whole heart and soul; and when in the autumn he went away, he slipped a bright ring with a jewel in it upon the girl's finger, and said:

"Before the snow falls I will return and marry you."

He left also many presents. Stuffs more costly than Bright-Eyes had ever worn, and the girl set to work to fashion them into garments which she should wear when she was his wife.

But the snows came and he returned not; nor did any message come from him.

And people began to whisper when they spoke of the Indian girl, and to say that all the teaching on earth would not change a savage; at last Bright-Eyes held in her arms a little dark-skinned babe, with its white father's features and its Indian mother's eyes.

The old people were not cruel to her. They did not drive her forth. But one morning they awoke to find her gone.

"I will not stay to disgrace you," she had written on a piece of paper pinned to her pillow. "You have been very good to me. Good-by."

As for Charles Graham, he had by this time almost forgotten the pretty Indian girl who had amused him that summer in the woods, and thought her kindness well paid for in the silk dresses and the handful of trinkets he had given her.

Sometimes he said to himself: "She was a pretty creature!"—and laughed a little. That was all.

But to every man one true love comes at last. It was not long before Charles Graham met his fate! One of his own race, a lady, beautiful and attractive, who gave her heart to him, and whom he married.

He was very happy with his Margaret, and for her sake resolved to live a better life. For her sake also, he desired to be rich.

It was long ago. The spirit of emigration was abroad at that time. From the eastern states thousands went forth to the far west in search of fortune. Broad, fertile lands were ready for them. Cities yet unbuilt were marked upon great maps. With energy every man could prosper, it was said.

Fired with this idea Charles Graham and his bride joined the throng. The journey was neither easy nor pleasant but they were full of hope, and the merriest of the long, caravan-like procession, with its covered wagons, mounted men, and led horses, that day by day went farther and farther westward.

At last one evening they found themselves upon the verge of an Indian settlement, and though the very name of Indian was associated in the mind of the white settler with treachery, the signs were all propitious. The gray-haired chiefs came forth to meet them. The squaws offered them corn and fish and fruit. The music of reed-flutes and of laughter filled the village as the moon arose. All seemed to speak of peace and plenty.

Weary with long sojourn in the wagon Charles Graham's wife reclined upon a blanket spread under some great trees, and her husband sat beside her. A little half-breed boy who had been playing at his mother's knee came running to her, and she took him in her arms and kissed him. As she did so the mother approached and stood looking down upon them. She wore a blanket, and, with it seemed to shield her face, either in modesty or shyness. But she made friendly gestures, and a boy to whom she beckoned interpreted what she said to him.

"She asks the white squaw who loves her little boy to sleep in her tent to-night, and to eat first of her food in its shelter."

Margaret Graham was delighted with the invitation.

"Come," she said to her husband, "it will be something to remember in the future."

They arose and followed the woman to the tent.

Within its shelter a feast was spread. The viands were tempting and the great calibashes were filled with a delicately flavored drink. This the woman, still veiling her face, pressed upon Charles Graham. He drank rather to gratify her than because he liked it, and soon a drowsy feeling stole over him, his hands dropped to his sides, and he slumbered.

Hour after hour passed in oblivion. But at last a restfulness began to fall upon him; strange visions passed athwart his brain—scenes of his early youth, faces forgotten for years, and for the first time in his life he dreamed of Bright-Eyes, the Indian girl who had saved his life and loved him there in the old woodman's home among the western forests.

She stood before him, smiling into his face. He slipped a shining ring on her brown finger.

"Before the snow falls I will come back to marry you," he said.

"Come soon; come soon," she answered, "for you are my all; my life, my soul, my everything."

With these words in his ears Charles Graham awoke, and, sitting up, gazed about him.

The light of dawn was struggling through an aperture of the tent, the remnants of the feast lay before him. Beside him on the rug lay his wife, closely wrapped in a blanket.

How still she lay? He did not wish to disturb her, but she was so motionless that she alarmed him.

He put forth his hand—she did not stir. He flung back the blanket from her face—she lay before him, dead. A great wound in her bosom, her face gashed in many places, and scalped, and tied by a thong to her neck was a ring with a bright stone in it, and a piece of paper on which was written:

"So I return it to you. An Indian woman can revenge herself. I have gone where you cannot find me. BRIGHT-EYES."

There were strong, desperate men among those emigrants. As they listened to the hideous tale their comrade told, wrath took possession of them. They put no faith in the protestations of sorrow made by the Indians, and they were many and well armed.

Before nightfall there remained of that peaceful little village nothing but a heap of ashes, among which lay the bodies of its men, women, and children. The massacre was complete. Several emigrants were wounded, but only one killed outright—it was Charles Graham.

They found him gashed with wounds, lying beside the body of his murdered wife. There they buried them, heaping the stones high above the grave, and left them sadly

It was a day no man cared to remember. But later, when the moon was risen, there came to the spot an Indian woman, with a half-breed child in her arms. In her eyes were no tears of pity or of sorrow. She stopped before the cairn of stones, and spurned it with her foot.

"So perish all betrayers," she muttered, and taking her boy upon her shoulders, stalked away across the prairie.—*Family Story Paper.*

NULLIFICATION IN THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

Sixty years ago next November a general convention was in session in South Carolina. Its members represented the sentiments of that arrogant slaveholding oligarchy whose influence a few years later induced the Southern States to attempt the dissolution of this Republic by armed force. They were by birth, training and interest opposed to the elevation of workingmen and women and viewed with alarm the growth of the army of intelligent free labor in the Northern States under the shelter of the Protective system. So they hated Protection with an all-consuming hate, and had called this convention for the purpose of formally serving notice on the President and Congress that the Protective Tariff of 1828 must be repealed, so far as South Carolina was concerned, or South Carolina would secede from the Union. The convention passed an "ordinance" of nullification, of which the gist is contained in the following extracts:

Whereas, the congress of the United States, by various acts, purporting to be acts laying duties and imposts on foreign imports, but in reality intended for the protection of domestic manufactures, &c.,....................hath exceeded its just powers under the Constitution,.........

We, therefore, the people of the State of South Carolina in convention assembled do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, that the several acts and part of acts of the Congress of the United States, purporting to be laws for the imposing of duties and imposts on the importation of foreign commodities, &c.,...............are unauthorized by the Constitution of the United States, and violate the true meaning and intent therefore, and are null, void, and no law.—Ordinance of Nullification passed by South Carolina through Delegates assembled in General Convention, November 27, 1832.

The answer of that great Democrat, Andrew Jackson, who was then President was to order South Carolina to submit to the Tariff, and he dispatched troops and gunboats to see that his orders were complied with. Congress, however, saw fit to modify the Tariff sufficiently to appease the South Carolina nullifiers, they receded from their position and bloodshed was postponed till 28 years later, when the pretensions of South Carolina were stamped upon by the American people for good and all at a cost of half a million precious lives and untold sufferings. They hoped that they had heard the last of nullification and the absurd Tariff views of Calhoun and his fellow-nullifiers. But they were mistaken. Just about twenty-eight years after the closing scenes of the tremendous struggle in which it was believed the principles of the nullifiers were buried forever, another convention was held, not in South Carolina this time, but in the native State of Abraham Lincoln, which has reasserted the teachings of Calhoun. Here is its pronunciamento:

We denounce Republican Protection as a fraud, a robbery of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of the few. We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal Government has no constitutional power to impose and collect Tariff duties, except for the purpose of revenue only, and we demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of the Government when honestly and economically administered.—From Democratic Platform of 1892.

For the first time since the Civil War a political party has dared to incorporate into its platform the utterances of the ordinance of Nullification, and to declare that the Tariff laws supported and advocated by Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton Adams, Madison, Clay, Webster, Jackson and Lincoln were unconstitutional and mere legislative robbery of the people.

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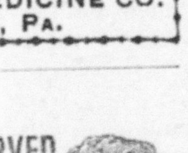

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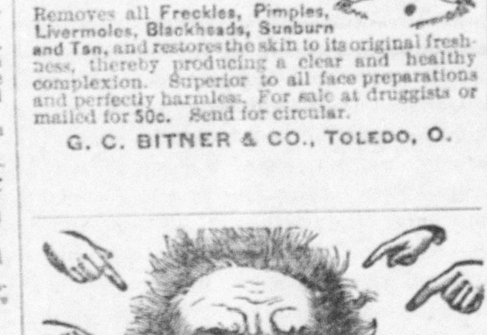

HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. **Life is passing!** Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a **golden** opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, never to return." How shall you find the GOLDEN opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The GOLDEN opportunity for many is here. **Money** to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from **$5** to **$10** per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you go on. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, **free.** Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all **free,** by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once, **H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.**

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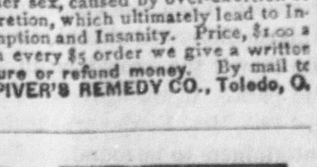
"NERVITIS" (Piver's French Nerve Remedy,) is sold with a **Written Guarantee** to cure all Nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Nervousness, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Lassitude, all drains and loss of power in either sex, caused by over-exertion or youthful indiscretion, which ultimately lead to Infirmity, Consumption and Insanity. Price, $1.00 a package. With every $5 order we give a written **guarantee to cure or refund money.** By mail to any address. PIVER'S REMEDY CO., Toledo, O.



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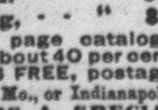
$23.
SPECIAL RUN No. 19.
GREATEST VALUE ON EARTH.
Tyler's Famous Antique Oak Roll Curtain Desk complete, see special circulars.
No. 4004, 3 ft. 6 in. long, net $16.00
No. 4009, 4 ft. 6 in. " " $21.00
No. 4010, 5 ft. long, - - " $23.00
Also see new 150 page catalogue for 1892. Great cut of about 40 per cent from former list. BOOKS FREE, postage 10c. Shipped from St. Louis, Mo., or Indianapolis, Ind.
BANK COUNTERS A SPECIALTY.
We refer to every Bank in Thirty States.
TYLER DESK CO., St. Louis, Mo.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED
Mrs. L. M. Campbell Argyle, Wis., says: The accompanying statement of my weight and measurements will show the results of five months' treatment.



	Before.	After.	Loss.
Weight	320 lbs	245 lbs	75 lbs
Bust	43 in.	33 in.	10 in.
Waist	48 in.	31 in.	11 in.
Hips	53 in.	40 in.	13 in.

PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL.
Harmless, and with no starving, inconvenience, or bad effects. For particulars address, with 6 cents in stamps,
DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, M'VICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO ILL.

A TRUE LOVE.

A charming little summer house, set in the midst of somber pines and waving cedars, and overrun with climbing roses and purple passion flowers—a perfect bower of beauty and fragrance it was, though its sole occupant, a young girl, seemed utterly oblivious of its charms. She sat on a rustic bench, her face hidden in her hands, her whole attitude one of unspeakable misery. An open book lay on her lap, the gilded leaves of which a soft wind kept blowing back and forth with a rustling sound. The noise must have disturbed her revery, for she suddenly removed her hands from her face, disclosing the features of a beautiful southern girl.

Just then there came the sound of eager hastening footsteps upon the cemented path near by, and a young man appeared at the opening of the summer house.

"At last I have discovered you, you naughty girl!" he cried in a tone of joy which was immediately followed by a deep sigh. "I have been waiting up at the house for almost an hour," he continued, "and was beginning to fear you had run away from us. I have come to say good-by, you know."

He spoke the last words in a slow, hesitating manner, and glanced keenly at the girl's half-averted face.

"I thought you would come, but scarcely expected you so early," she answered, smiling faintly.

"Daphne, it is not alone to say good-by that I have come," and he clasped her hands as he spoke, "but to tell you something I should have told you at—at—at first."

A sudden wave of warm color swept over the girl's face, and her eyes drooped under his earnest gaze.

"I have been a coward," he continued, "a coward not to have told you before this, that I am engaged to be married."

"Why need you tell me this?" she asked sharply, as she withdrew her hands from his clasp. The color had faded from her cheeks, leaving her as pale as death. "Why tell me now," she continued, with scorn in her eyes, and disdain in her voice. "After having been silent so long, was it necessary to have told me at last?"

"Yes, because you know—you must know—that you are the only woman whom I could love! And because I could not leave you without telling you the truth and asking your forgiveness. I have told you because you have a right to know," he answered, his face flushing hotly under the scornful anger of her eyes. "You know, Daphne, why I have not told you what my heart has been longing to say in the blissful days that are now to end, that I love you so fondly and tenderly above all other women! And you, beloved—am I wrong in thinking that you care for me a little?"

"What right have you to ask me such a question?" she demanded, coldly. "I have laughed, jested with you, helped to pass away an idle summer; is not that sufficient? Go back to the woman you are to marry—go—go!"

"Then you do not love me—it will be left for you to forget?" he asked despairingly.

"What does it matter? You will go away and forget in a little while. A summer is not much out of your busy life—you will not count it lost, while I—I will have a whole lifetime in which to remember."

She sat down and covered her weeping eyes.

"I cannot say at present what is in my heart to-day, but I will go back and beg to be released. Then I will return to you—you will hear me, Daphne, when I am free to speak? I can bear anything except your anger and contempt, and if you would only say something that would give me hope, that I need not go away with this doubt between us, then the parting would not be so bitter. You are silent, Daphne. You will say nothing—no word of forgiveness? Then nothing is left save to say good-by."

Without another glance at her drooping form, he turned to depart.

"Oh, Silvan, don't go—I love you. Oh, I love you!" she exclaimed, passionately. He rushed back to her, covering her lips with kisses, and pressed her again and again to his heart, forgetful of all else but that she loved him.

"Until to-day," Daphne's voice faltering a trifle, "I have been happy in the thought that you would tell me what you have just said—except that there would be no one to come between us; but this morning something told me that there would be no more summers like this."

"I will not suffer myself to think of that," said Silvan, quickly. "I will come back to you in one short month—it will not be long to wait, and you will wait for me, sweetheart?"

"I will wait," said Daphne, bravely, though her features were drawn with pain. "But, oh! Silvan, come back to me, for I cannot live without you."

"Don't despair, I will come back. An hour ago I was wondering how I could say good-by; now you have made it easy for me."

"And if you fail?" she asked.

"Then I will write," he answered, briefly. "And whatever happens," he added, clasping her close to his heart, "remember that it is you I love, you only. Good-by, my best beloved, my only love, good-by," he said, and was gone.

* * * * * *

A month had come and gone without bringing to Daphne the realization of her one sweet hope—the hope that had sustained her through the long days of waiting. Ah, the bitterness of that waiting; the alternate hopes and fears that made her life a feverish dream; for Silvan Milbourn did not come back, and if he sent her a letter it never reached her. It was as if he had slipped quietly out of her life, leaving her to bear all the pain and longing alone.

If her father noticed that she was growing more quiet and womanly he attributed it to the secluded life she led, and to nothing else—certainly to no secret sorrow that was preying upon her heart. And Daphne was careful that no shadow of her sorrow should fall upon him. She humored his every whim, feigned an interest in his musty old books, and looked after his comfort in a tender, old-fashioned way that amused, yet touched him.

Thus the months and years passed away. And then came the terrible war that sent so many brave men to the front to die, and that desolated so many happy homes.

Daphne's father was among the first to enlist when the call came for volunteers.

"I am not too old to fight, and my country needs me," he said, when Daphne would have urged him to stay. And putting away his much-loved books among which he had lived for so many years, he kissed her and went away.

And when one day news came to her that he had fallen in battle she sorrowed no more than she had done when she kissed him good-bye a few weeks before. She only kissed his pictured face, wept a few tears over his books, and, with other brave women of the village, left her home to offer her services, if need be her life, as hospital nurse.

In the trying days that followed she sometimes thought of her old love, and wondered if it were possible that Silvan had sent a letter to her. The terrible silence that had laid between them for eight long years was worse than death. To have known that he was alive and happy would have been far less bitter than to feel that he had been a coward to leave her in doubt as to his fate. Day after day, week after week, she searched eagerly among the sick and wounded soldiers, half-hoping, half-dreading, to find Silvan Milbourn among them. If over his dead face she could have wept away the bitterness of her pain life would not have been half so desolate.

Yet it was the thought that others had given up their dear ones, others had sacrificed as much as she, that made her so patient and gentle that the poor, maimed soldiers among so many brave, good women turned instinctively to her for comfort and aid. They intrusted their letters to her care, told her their plans in the event of their recovery, and listened to her low, sweet voice in prayer when the chaplain failed to impress them with the solemnity of death. "Sister Daphne" they called her, and more than one soldier died with her name upon his lips.

"Your influence is stronger than mine," the chaplain often told her. And it was no selfish joy that thrilled her heart at his words of praise, but a glad consciousness that out of her wretched life was springing a patient trust, that would bring its own reward in the years to come.

One night, while going her usual rounds, she stopped at the cot of a young soldier who had been brought in a few hours before.

"Shot through the lungs—will not last much longer," whispered the surgeon, who was hastening by.

The soldier smiled faintly when Daphne laid her cool hand on his burning head, and whispered a few words of encouragement.

"It's no use," he said, with great difficulty, "the surgeon has told me that I will die—I am not afraid—a brave soldier never fears death—there is no one to miss me, no one to grieve when I go."

"But is there nothing I can do for you?" asked Daphne, gently. "Have you no friend to whom you wish to send a message, or——"

"There is something I would be glad if you would do," interrupted the youth, eagerly. "I had a comrade who fell just before I was shot; he gave me a letter before the battle which he begged me to send to the person to whom it is addressed. He was a brave man, and I loved him. Will you take it and send it for me?"

He made a feeble motion toward his breast for Daphne to look.

She found the letter at last, crumpled and stained with blood.

"You will take care of it?" he asked.

"If possible, it shall reach the right person," answered Daphne, placing it in her pocket. "Is there anything else you wish me to do?"

"Nothing," he answered, wearily. "There is no one he added bitterly. "I thank you for what you have done, but I cannot talk more—I think I should like to go to sleep," and he turned his face to the wall.

* * * * * *

It was past midnight when Daphne, tired and worn with watching, went to her room to snatch a few moments of rest. It was always her habit before going to bed to look over the letters that had been intrusted to her care, and, if possible, see that they were mailed. To-night she suddenly remembered that she had nothing but the letter the dying soldier had seemed so anxious she should take charge of. She examined it closely by the lamplight. Although the envelope was dirty and blood-stained, the address, which was written in a bold, characteristic hand, could be plainly read: "Miss Daphne Sommers, Ellsville, Kentucky."

For a moment there was a mist before her eyes, and her heart beat with a strange thrill of pain. She broke the seal and read the letter slowly and carefully from beginning to end. It contained only a few lines. What that message was only he who penned it—the brave soldier, sleeping where he fell, his grave a battle-field—and she who read it ever knew.

When she had finished it, without a moan, without a tear, she folded reverently and put it way. She had no tears to shed—she had wept them away long ago, when youth and hope had left her side forever.

Then she opened the little locket that for eight years had lain above her heart, and kissed the pictured face, that smiled at her from the golden setting.

"Dear heart, you loved me best And even now I do not regret—not even now," she said.

The meaning of the word Eureka is I have found it and you will find the very best place to buy groceries if you go to the Eureka Grocery High St. Bellefonte next door to Post office.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH
PRICE 50 CTS.
IT IS THE BEST, EASIEST TO USE, & THE CHEAPEST.
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Would you rather buy lamp-chimneys, one a week the year round, or one that lasts till some accident breaks it?

Common glass may break or not the minute you light your lamp; if not, the first draft may break it; if not, it may break from a mere whim.

Tough glass chimneys, Macbeth's "Pearl-top" or "Pearl-glass," almost never break from heat, not one in a hundred.

Where can you get it? and what does it cost?

Your dealer knows where and how much. It costs more than common glass; and may be, he thinks tough glass isn't good for his business.

Pittsburgh, Pa. GEO. A. MACBETH Co.

PASTOR KOENIG'S TRADE MARK NERVE TONIC

Physicians Couldn't Cure. X
SEDAMSVILLE, Hamilton Co., O., June, 1889.
One bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me entirely, after physicians had tried unsuccessfully for eight months to relieve me of nervous debility.
W. HUENNEFELD.

DELHI, Ont., Jan. 14, 1891.
My wife has taken six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; she has had no return of the fits, and I think this remedy has had the desired effect. I cheerfully recommend it to any one suffering from that dreadful malady, "Epilepsy." JOHN GRANT.

BROCKTON, Mass., June 17, 1890.
About a year ago I noticed my right hand continually shaking. I tried different medicines but they all had no effect. * * * After using three or four bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic my hand ceased to shake and I found myself gaining every day. I think this medicine is one of the greatest remedies.
THOS. O'REILLY.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the
KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

RUPTURE
DR. J. A. SHERMAN begs to inform those whom it may concern that all patients will be furnished with his CELEBRATED RUPTURE TREATMENT during the months of May, June and July this year **at special rates,** at his principal office, 294 Broadway, New York. Safety and comfort is assured without restriction from exercise while under treatment for cure. Treatment can be had by corresponding. Send stamp for pamphlet

MYSTIC CURE
FOR
RHEUMATISM
AND
NEURALGIA.
CURES IN A DAY
A New and Wonderful Discovery
which has revolutionized the treatment of these diseases. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears, the first dose greatly benefits. It is recommended only for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, but for these it is a quick and radical cure, as multitudes who have used it testify. It contains no anodynes and is perfectly harmless. Ask your druggist to procure it if he does not have it on hand.
Guarantee. If first bottle does not benefit you, druggist will refund money. Write for treatise and testimonials.
PRICE, 75 CENTS.
Dr. I. A. DETCHON, Crawfordsville, Ind.

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ELECTRIC BELT

LATEST PATENTS. BEST IMPROVEMENTS. WITH ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SUSPENSORY.
Will cure without medicine all Weakness resulting from overtaxation of brain, nerve forces, excesses or indiscretion, as sexual exhaustion, drains, losses, nervous debility, sleeplessness, languor, rheumatism, kidney, liver and bladder complaints, lame back, lumbago, sciatica, general ill-health, etc. This electric belt contains Wonderful Improvements over all others, and gives a current that is instantly felt by the wearer or we forfeit $5,000.00, and will cure all of the above diseases or no pay. Thousands have been cured by this marvelous invention after all other remedies failed, and we give hundreds of testimonials in this and every other state.
Our powerful improved ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY is the greatest boon ever offered weak men; FREE WITH ALL BELTS. Health and Vigorous Strength GUARANTEED in 60 to 90 DAYS. Send for large illustrated pamphlets, sealed, free by mail. Address
SANDEN ELECTRIC CO.,
No. 819 Broadway, NEW YORK.

RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Nov. 16, 1891.

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	WESTWARD A.M	P.M.
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 18	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 18	4 23
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 21	4 26
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 13	4 38
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 26	4 40
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 44	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	9 48	4 56
Curtin	19.9	5 18	9 01	5 02
Milesburg	22.5	5 25	10 1[illegible]	5 19
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 25	5 20
Milesburg	23.5	5 45	10 35	5 30
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 40	5 39
Unionville	28.5	5 55	10 48	5 41
Julian	32.9	6 05	10 59	5 50
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 25	5 59
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	11 20	6 06
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 [illegible]	6 13
Fowler—f	45.0	6 29	[illegible]	6 15
Dix—f	46.3	6 33	11 32	6 12
Bald Eagle	49.3	6 40	11 23	6 25
Vail	51.2	6 44	11 43	6 29
East Tyrone	53.0	6 48	11 45	6 28
TYRONE	54.3	6 55	11 55	6 [illegible]0

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	EASTWARD P. M.	P.M.
TYRONE		7 55	3 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.3	8 02	3 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 05	3 20	7 36
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 10	3 24	7 41
Dix—f	8.0	8 15	3 30	7 47
Fowler—f	9.3	8 17	3 33	7 50
Hannah—f	10.6	8 21	3 37	7 54
Port Matilda	13.9	8 28	3 44	8 01
Martha	17.3	8 36	3 52	8 10
Julian	21.4	8 44	4 01	8 20
Unionville	25.8	8 55	4 10	8 30
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 03	4 17	8 40
Milesburg	30.8	9 07	4 20	8 44
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 17	4 30	8 54
Milesburg	30.8	9 32	4 40	9 13
Curtin	34.4	9 46	4 47	9 19
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	9 51	4 55	9 28
Howard	39.8	10 01	5 02	9 28
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 15	5 10	9 40
Beech Creek	45.9	10 20	5 13	9 45
Mill Hall	51.3	10 31	5 24	10 01
Flemington	52.5	10 28	5 27	10 05
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 45	5 30	10 [illegible]

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward P.M	A.M	Dis.	Stations	Dis.	Eastward A.M	P.M
5 09	1[illegible] 51		SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 47
5 25	10 21	5.3	Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 27
5 37	10 28	8.7	Penna. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 44	10 34	10.6	Hostler f	15.0	8 50	4 08
5 50	10 46	12.3	Marengo f	13.3	8 43	4 01
5 57	10 52	13.5	Loveville f	12.1	8 37	3 [illegible]5
6 04	10 58	15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 40
6 08	11 02	15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 36
6 18	11 10	18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 [illegible]
6 28	11 20	20.5	Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 [illegible]0
6 40	11 32	23.5	Stover	2.1	7 58	3 [illegible]1
6 50	11 40	25.6	TYRONE		7 50	3 [illegible]1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.— Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.1[illegible] a m.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m; arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 5.25 p m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.[illegible] p m.

S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis.	Westward a.m.	p.m.		Eastward a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
.0	5.50	2.15	MONTANDON	5.30	9.20	5.45
1.5	6.15	2.25	Ar. LEWISBURG. Lv	5.20	9.10	5.25
1.5	6.15	2.25	Lv. LEWISBURG. Ar		9.10	5.25
5.4	6.30	2.35	Biehl f		9.00	5.24
6.8	6.35	2.40	Vicksburg f		8.53	5.20
10.7	6.45	2.50	MIFFLINBURG		8.43	5.10
13.1	6.52	2.57	Barber f		8.36	5.0
15.2	6.58	3.03	Swengle f		8.30	4.5
16.1	7.00	3.05	Millmont		8.27	4.5
18.6	7.08	3.14	LAURELTON		8.17	4.46
22.5	7.19	3.25	Pardee f		8.06	4.35
23.9	7.23	3.33	Cherry Run f		7.53	4.22
32.2	7.43	3.48	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.43	4.12
33.9	7.48	3.54	Ingleby f		7.39	4.07
36.6	7.53	4.00	Coburn		7.30	4.00
39.6	8.01	4.08	Zerby f		7.21	3.52
43.4	8.10	4.17	Rising Springs		7.12	3.43
46.2	8.18	4.25	Penn's Cave f		7.05	3.35
49.2	8.24	4.30	CENTRE HALL		6.58	3.28
51.5	8.32	4.37	Gregg f		6.51	3.23
54.6	8.37	4.43	Linden Hall		6.43	3.16
56.7	8.42	4.48	OAK HALL		6.38	3.11
58.3	8.46	4.52	LEMONT		6.34	
60.2	8.51	4.57	Dale Summit f		6.29	
63.9	9.00	5.06	Pleasant Gap f		6.19	
65.2	9.04	5.10	Axeman f		6.14	
67.4	9.10	5.15	BELLEFONTE		6.10	2.45

CHAS E. PUGH..........General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON..........General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL..........Superintendent

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.— On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

EASTWARD 12 pm	10 pm	8 pm	1 am	2 am	Ar—Lv	WESTWARD 1 am	3 am	7 am	9 pm	11 pm
635		350		905	Bellefont	630		1030		440
628		344		859	Coleville	637		1035		445
625		341		856	Morris	640		1038		448
622		338		852	Whitmer	644		1043		451
619		335		849	Linns	647		1046		454
617		333		847	Hunters	650		1048		456
614		331		844	Filmore	653		1052		500
611		328		840	Sellers	657		1056		503
609		326		838	Briarly	700		1058		505
605	600	323	825	836	Waddle	705	710	1101	510	510
602	550	320	820	830	Mattern J	708	714	1103	513	512
	546		817		Graysdale		719		516	
	543		812		Mattern		724		520	
	540		805		Stormstown		729		523	
	535		800		Red Bank		735		530	
551		308		818	Krumr'ne	721		1113		524
548		305		814	Struble	724		1117		527
545		300		810	St. College	730		1120		530

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.
THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th, 1890.

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves Phila daily.... 11 25 p m
" " Harrisburg " ... 3 30 a m
" " William'port " ... 7 10 a m
" " Jersey Shore " ... 7 31 a m
" " Lock Haven " ... 7 55 a m
" " Renovo " ... 8 55 a m
" arrives Erie " ... 3 40 p m
GRA EX, l'ves Phila week d'ys.. 8 50 a m
" " Harrsburg "... 12 00 m
" arrives at Wmsport "... 3 20 p m
" " Lock Haven "... 4 10 p m
" " Renovo "... 5 15 p m
" " Kane "... 9 20 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at........ 5 20 p m
FAST LINE leaves Phila. week days. 11 40 a m
" " Harrisburg " .. 3 45 p m
" " Williamsport " ... 7 10 p m
" arrives at Lock Haven " ... 8 02 p m
" Renovo ... 9 00 p m
NEWS EX. l'ves Philadelphia ...... 4 30 a m
" " " Harrisburg....... 8 10 a m
" " " Williamsport...... 11 20 a m
" " arrives at Lock Haven...... 12 15 p m
Wms'port Ex. l'vs Phila.............. 4 25 p m
" " Harrisburg...... 7 32 p m
" " arrive Williamsport. 10 20 p m

EASTWARD.

Sea Shore Express l'vs L Haven w 7 20 a m
" " Jersey Shore. 7 48 a m
" " Wms'port...... 8 25 a m
" arrives at Harrisburg 11 25 a m
" " " Phila......... 3 15 a m
DAY EX. leaves Kane week days... 6 30 a m
" Renovo............ 10 20 a m
Lock Haven...... 11 20 a m
Williamsport..... 12 30 p m
arrives at Harrisburg .... 3 30 p m
" Philadelphia... 6 50 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves Erie daily.......... 5 27 p m
" " " Renovo............. 10 35 p m
" " " Lock Haven .... 11 25 p m
" " " Williamsport....... 12 25 p m
" " arrives at Harrisburg. 3 22 p m
" " " Philadelphia.. 6 50 p m
RENOVO A'J'N leaves Renovo......... 4 45 p m
" " arrives at Harrisburg... 10 05 p m
" " Philadelphia .... 4 25 a m
WMS'PORT EXP. lv,s Wms'port....... 2 42 a m
" " arrives at Harrisburg. 5 30 a m
" leaves 7 00 a m
" arrives at Philadelphia.... 10 20 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagra Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with B. P & W. N. N; at Emporium with B N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with B. V R. R.

ROBERT NEILSON Passenger Agent

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR
My Story of the War, or "FOUR YEARS PERSONAL EXPERIENCE AS NURSE" in Hospitals and on the Battle-field. By MARY A. LIVERMORE. *Now selling like wildfire.* ☞ *No competition.* 700 pages. Splendid Steel Plates. 61st thousand. ☞ 5000 more *Agents Wanted*—Men and Women. Distance no hindrance, for we *Pay Freights* and give *Extra Terms.* Address,
A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash. EDWARD T. TUTEN.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary. "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley. " " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro	B F Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg "1 W	S S Crissman	Philipsburg
" "2 W	H C Warfel	Philipsburg
" "3 W	Capt Harry Simler	"
South Philipsburg boro	M. Stover,	Philipsb'g
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp E P	J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp W P	C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp– N P	Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart	Moshannon
College Twp E P	Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp W P	Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp E P	Claudius B Hess	Fairbook
Ferguson " W P	John Campbell	"
Gregg " N P	Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Geegg " S P	John D Long	Spring Mills
Gregg " E P,	Jos. K. Bitner.	Penn Hall
Haines " E P	Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Halees " W P	James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard "	N. G. Pletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty "	D M Burlew	Blanchard
Marion "	S H Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Henry G Royer	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buf'lo Run
Penn "	W F Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp N P	James Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter " S P	Alexander McCoy	Pot'rs Mills
Rush " N P	David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush " S P	Sanford White	Sandy Ridge
SnowShoe E P	J. K. McMullen	SnowSnow
SnowShoe W P	John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp N P	John A Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring " S P	M F Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring " W P	W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Port Matilda

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Republicans of Centre County will meet at their respective voting places in the several election districts of the County on Saturday August 20th 1892, for the purpose of electing delegates to the County Convention. The delegates chosen at that time will meet at the Court House in Bellefonte on Tuesday, Auguest 23, 1892, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of nominating.

Two candidates for Assembly,
One candidate for Associate Judge,
One candidate for Prothonotary,
One candidate for District Attorney,
One candidate for County Surveyor.

Three Conferrees to represent Centre County in the Congressional Conference; and to elect a Chairman of the County Committee for the year 1893; also to tramsact such other business as may properly come before the Convention.

Under the rules of the party, the number of delegates to which each precinct is entitled is as follows, viz :-

NUMBER OF DELEGATES.

Bellefonte, N W.	6	Haines, East P	1
" S. W	4	" West P	2
W. W	3	Halfmoon	3
Centre Hall	1	Harris	2
Howard Boro	2	Howard Twp	3
Millheim	1	Haston	3
Milesburg	3	Liberty	4
Philipsburg—1st W	3	Marion	1
" 2d. W	4	Miles	3
" 3d. W	3	Patton	3
Unionville	2	Penn	1
Benner Twp	3	Potter North P	1
Boggs East P	2	" South P	2
" West P	4	Rush North P	4
" North	2	" South P	2
Burnside	2	Snow Shoe East P	4
College East P	4	" West P	2
" West P	2	Spring North P	3
Curtin	1	" South P	3
Ferguson, East P	2	" West P	3
North P	3	Taylor	2
Gregg, North P	1	Union	3
" East P	1	Walker	3
" West P	1	Worth	3
Total number of delegates			121
Necessary to choice in nomination			61

The primary elections for delegates will be held under the supervision of the District Committeemen, who will see that the proper election officers are designated and in attendance.

In the Borough of Bellefonte, Centre Hall, Howard, Millheim, Milesburg, Philipsburg, Unionville and South Philipsburg and the Townships of Howard, Potter, Snow Shoe, Union, Rush, Spring Boggs, Worth Harris and Ferguson, the Polls will open at 7 P. M. and close at 9 P. M., and in the remaining districts will open at 2 P. M. and close at 4 P M..

WILBUR F. REEDER,
Chairman.

ASK YOUR FRIENDS.

Who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla what they think of it, and the reply will be positive in its favor. One has been cured of indigestion and dyspepsia, and another finds it indispensable for sick headache, others report remarkable cures of scrofula, salt rheum and other blood diseases, still others will tell you that it overcomes "that tired feeling," and so on. Truly, the best advertising which Hood's Sarsaparilla receives is the hearty endorsement of the army of friends it has won by its positive medicinal merit.

LET US LAUGH TOGETHER.

Pungent Paragraphs Expressly Pointed for Republican Readers.

THEIR KIND OF SNAKES.

"I saw, Dan," remarked Gen. Stevenson to Senator Voorhees, "Democrats drink a lot of whiskey, don't they?"

They do, General, when they can get it," replied the Senator, putting a bottle-neck twist on his lip.

"And they have snakes. too, don't they?'

"Yes, copperheads."

A REQUIEM'

It is said Senator Hill is to resign.
The Hill that once through Senate halls
The statesman's music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Senate walls
As if though Hill were dead,
So sleeps the pride of other days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
The man that once played high for praise
Now plays his game no more,

CASTING REFLECTIONS.

A. Democratic congressman—no matter what his name is or what State he hails from, notwithstanding he is a representative Democrat—had some words with a fellow member recently, and the fellow made some very personal remarks.

The Democrat was hot in a minute.

"Don't cast any reflections on my character!" he exclaimed menacingly, and it struck the other man as being so funny that he apologized on the spot, and went off to tell it to the gang in the cloak room.

AGAINST THE F. A. PARTY.

Two Washington chairwomen in the Treasury building were discussing politics over their brushes, when one of them said

"I'm against this Farmers' Alliance party."

What's the matter with it?" inquired the other.

"Well it is in favor of some new kind of a scrub treasury scheme, and we've got all we can do now, that's what." and she dabbed her brush into the water bucket with a vengeance.

TWO OF A KIND'

Adlai"—By the way, Grover, where's your war record?"

Grover grinning—"I think you'll find it in same pigeon-hole with yours, Adlai."

IF YOU SEE IT IN THE SUN, IT'S SURE.

Says Dana now: " I feel like—ah.
Excuse me, gracious ladies,
I almost said I feel like—ah,
Excuse me—feel like Hades.

" I run a paper called the *Sun*
Which does the Tiger's puffing.
And once I spoke of Cleveland as
A man composed of stuffing.

" Stuffed Prophet,' yes those were the words
And others no less civil;
But now, I've got to eat my crow
And fire the Force Bill swivel.

" I've got to call him ' Mister, and
Restrain my true opinion:
In other words the *Sun* must be
Not nonpariel, but minion.

" And minion to the mugwump boss,
Ah, now I want to guy 'em;
I banked on Hill, but woe on woe,
He's worse off now than I am.

" I've got it badly in the neck,
I think no worse can follow;
I gag and gag, and gag on crow,
And yet I have to swallow

" So here's to Cleveland! Whoop! Hurrah!
The *Sun* will have to shout it:
Is there a God in Israel?
They say so, but I doubt it.

—A picnic party, went to the Bear Meadows last Thursday from Boalsburg and State College. Miss Jeannette McFarlane was the hostess of the occasion, among those present were the Woods, Thompsons, Stuarts, Mitchells, Schaeffers, McKees, Goheens, Reeys, McFarlans and others, the trip to the maedows over the narrow guage road, and then over a road with wooden rails and drawn by mules was a novel and pleasant one. A thunder shower came up while they were there which dampened the pleasure of the trip somewhat. The party arrived home again about half past eight in the evening.

—Instead of the regular evening service at the Presbyterian church last Sunday, a service was held by the Christian Endeavor Society, to raise money to sustain a missionary in a foreign field, James Laurie, Gilbert Beaver, Rev. William Laurie, James Harris and General Beaver, were the speakers. It was urged that the members should obligate themselves to pay five cents a week to this object for one year, and cards were passed around to be signed for that purpose. One party present pinned a five dollar bill to one of the cards signing it "a friend.

—A village camp meeting so-called has been held near town at the Evangelical church which closed last Monday night. Bishop Stanford preached last Sunday morning. Among the Ministers present were: Revs. Bender, of Howard; Hartsler, of Lewisburg; Hutz, of Spring Mills; Wallace, of Patterson; Kepner, of Millmont; Samuel Koontz, of Lewisburg; Samuel Arnand, of Madisonburg; Finkbinder, of Millheim; M. A. Kennelley, of Unionville; J. J. Lohr, of Hublersburg, and Rev Koontz, of Bellefonte, pastor of the church here,

—The reason Philipsburg base ball club, did not play Houtzdale last week was because the Houtzdale team had threatened that when Philipsburg played at Houtzdale again, they would give them a warm reception. The management of the Philipsburg club decided therefore that they would play no more games with Houtzdale this season.

—John P. Harris and family with friend picnicked at Hunters Park last Saturday. The occasion was the birthday of Mary Weaver, a grand daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harris. Miss Blanch Cook, who was one of the party, while out on the lake in a boat fell into the water at the deepest place. She sustained no other injury however than a complete ducking.

PATRON'S PICNIC AND EXHIBITION.

—We invite the attention of Farmers, Manufacturers and Dealers in agricultural implements, wares, and merchandise, to the 19th Annual Picnic and Exhibition of the Patrous of Husbandry of Central Pennsylvania, to be held on the 12th, 13th 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th of September. at Grange Park, Centre Hall station, on the Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad. It is easy of access from the south and east via Montandon and on the Philadelphia and Erie and Northern Central Railways; from the north via Lock Haven and Bellefonte, and from the west by Tyrone and Bellefonte.

Over 25,000 people were in attendance last year. Good accomodations either by hotels or tents, with good boarding houses. Over 26 acres devoted to tenting and exhibition purposes.

There is no better opportunity anywhere in the State for Manufacturers to exhibit and advertise their wares. The majority of the exhibitors heretofore sold out their entire exhibits, and established numerous agencies and secured large sales as the result of their exhibiting at the Patrons' Picnic at Grange Park.

Fine stabling for the exhibition of cattle horses, sheep, swine, poultry, etc., on the ground. Complete buildings and railroad passes through the ground; with proper platforms and unloading facilities.

FREIGHT TRAFFIC ARRANGEMENTS.

Under arrangements with railroads shipments for the exhibition will be charged regular current rates to Centre Hall, but all such shipments, after the exhibition, if unsold and shipped, will be returned free to the original point of shipment over any of the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad system by which they came. This free return will only be granted upon presentation of the original paid freight bill and a certificate signed by the proper officer of the exhibition to the effect that the exhibits are unsold. In addition to the above mentioned privileges granted, arrangements have been made by which all camp equipage will be carried free.

Articles for exhibition must be consigned to the owner at Centre Hall Station, Centre county, Pa., on the Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad. The freight must be prepaid.

All articles for exhibition should be shipped in good time so that they may reach Centre Hall the week before the picnic. Upon receiving authority from exhibitors we will have goods unloaded on the grounds. A reasonable charge, of course, will be made for unloading goods.

While the picnic management will not be responsible for breakage that may occur in unloading or reloading goods in the Park the greatest care will be taken to prevent any damage to exhibits,

Machinery can be driven by steam power and belting, but exhibitors must find their own belting and arrange for steam power, Ample water supply.

There will be telegraph, telephone and express office on the grounds; also a delivering post office; All mail should be directed to Grange Park, Centre Hall.

Exhibitors and others desiring tents for shelter and loading can be supplied with tents 9x10ft at $2.50 12x12ft tents $5.00. All parties tenting must find their own blankets and the bedding; those desiring tents should order early.

EXCURSION RATES.

The Lewisburg, Tyrone, Pennsylvania, Bald Eagle Valley, P.& E., and all other branches of Pennsylvania system of railroads will sell excursion tickets, at one fare for the round trip to Centre Hall and return on card orders September 9th to 17th, good to return till September 20th, inclusive. Apply to L. Rhone, Centre Hall, for card orders. Railroad companies will also sell to the public without card orders, September 12th to 17th, good to return until Sept. 20, inclusive, at the same rate, from Clearfield, Altoona, Lock Haven and intermediate points, via Bellefonte from Harrisburg, Riverside, Shamokin, Lock Haven and intermediate points, via Montandon, as well as from all stations on the L. & T. Branch from Montandon to Bellefonte, inclusive.

Exhibitors of large machinery should be on hand on Saturday. Exhibitors will be allowed to bring their own tents if preferred.

EXHIBITION OF LIVE STOCK.

Exhibits of live stock will be admitted free but exhibitors will be charged a nominal price for hay and straw.

Competent Superintendents will be in charge of the several departments who will render exhibitors any assistance necessary.

THE WAY TO SHIP.

Those coming from the south and east should ship via Montandon; those from the west via Tyrone and Bellefonte; those from the north via Lock Haven.

Trains will be run to and from the picnic grounds every few hours, all trains stopping in the Park. Admission free.

Capt. G. M. Boal, Supt. of camp, John Dauberman, Supt. of Improvements, George Dale (Lemont) Supt. of Exhibits of Implements, George Gingrich, Supt, of Ehxibits of Live Stock J. J. Arney, Supt. as Amusements Suttlers, etc.

For Further information address to the Heads of Departments or chairman.

LEONARD RHONE,
Centre Hall, Pa.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Nancy H Hunter and others to Bellefonte Central R. R. Co,, lot of ground in Benner township, Consideration, $1440, 15; deed dated July 9, 1892.

William Ward, sheriff, to Henry Brockerhoff, lot of ground in Spring township. Consideration, $5778; deed dated March 25, 1844.

Robert Hudson and wife to Margaret Maud Davis, lot of ground in Philipsburg. Consideration $1; deed dated April 19, 1892.

Henry Lingle and wife to William Zettle, lot of ground in Gregg township Consideration $250; deed dated March 5, 1864.

Thomas Miles to Wm T Fulton and others, lot of ground in Boggs township. Consideration $175; deed dated March 5, 1864.

John Mason and wife to J W Stine, lot of ground in South Philipsburg. Consideration $450; deed dated June 10, 1892.

Margaret E. Jones and others, to Budd Jones and others, lot of ground in Worth township. Consideration $1; deed dated July 28, 1892.

Thomas Foster and wife and others to Elizabeth F Meyers, lot of ground in College township. Consideration $137; deed dated March 10, 1892.

M D Garman and wife to Mollie Gates, lot of ground in Bellefonte. Consideration $350; deed dated July 26, 1895.

Justus L Buckley and others and L Fayerweather to Edward L Laden and others, lot of ground in Rush township.

Wm McFarlane, sur. ex'r, to John T Jack and others, lot of ground in Harris township. Consideration $675; deed dated October 1, 1891.

Daniel Homer and wife to Andrew J Weaver, lot of ground in Potter township. Consideration $500; deed dated April 22, 1892.

Geo W Morgan and wife &c, to Sam W Cross, lot of ground in Rush township Consideration $108; deed dated July 6, 1892.

John P Harris and wife to Charles Dan, lot of ground in Spring township. Consideration $225; deed dated July 6, 1895.

Emma Dan and others to John P. Harris, lot of ground in Spring township. Consideration $225; deed dated July 6, 1892.

STIMULANTS'

Why do physicians recommend Klein's Silver Age and Duquesne Rye Whiskies? Because first, they are pure, old and reliable—because they have prescribed them for their patients, are found that no other medicine would nourish and tone up the system so rapidly and thoroughly. Silver Age costs only $1.50 per full quart and Duquesne 1.25 per quart. The best hotels and dealers in liquors keep them for their choice customers. For sale to the trade generally by Simon Shloss, Williamsport Pa.

SPANGLER.

Notes from the new town of Spangler, taken from the Hasting's *Tribune* of Aug. 4.

Gen. James A. Beaver and Col. J. L. Spangler visited Spangler on Thursday and were much pleased with the progress of the new town.

McClain & Co., by their liberal policy, are meeting with liberal patronage, way beyond their expectations.

Col. J. L. Spangler, Jas. Patterson, Mr. Rich and Jas A. McClain, paid the Wopsononock summer resort a visit recently, and were handsomely entertained by Landlord Weston.

Architect Cole, of Bellefonte, is getting up plans and specifications for the new hotel, and as soon as completed bids will be asked for.

Klein's Silver Age, Duquesne and Bear Creek Whiskies, together with all the leading Pennsylvania Ryes, bottled by Max Klein, are the most reliable whiskies sold. See that Klein's signature is on every label, and his name blown in the bottle. It is a guarantee of purity. For sale by S. Shloss, wholesale agent, Williamsport, Pa.

—It is said that the borough millage of tax in Bellefonte for the coming year will be reduced from 15 mills to eleven mills.

No Other Sarsaparilla possesses the Combination, Proportion, and Process which make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself.

Gov. Beaver has just completed a new board walk arround his home on corner of Alleghany and Curtin street.

KANSAS IS REPUBLICAN.

Perhaps the silliest hope that the opposition to Benjamin Harrison entertains is that Kansas will fail to give him its electoral vote.

In Presidental years voters are not influenced by temporary causes; men vote their ticket according to deep-seated convictions. Whatever the enemy may have done with Kansas in "off years" has been owing to Republican stay-at-homes. In 1890 of the (estimate) 77,000 citizens who did not vote, most of them were Republicans. No wonder the Alliance scored some victories! Altogether it is estimated that the normal Republican strength in Kansas fell 100,000 votes short in 1890

Assuming that a strong fusion is effected this fall 50,000 "normal Republicans" must be diverted from their party and added to the undiminished fusion vote to snatch Kansas from the Republicans. Of course, in a Presidential year, this is an absurd contingency.

CLEVELAND's defeat next fall will leave him abundant leisure for fishing. Or he might go to England and run for Parliament.

A NOTED MURDER RECALLED.

Fifty Years Since the Brutal Killing of Elizabeth Holder.

JOHNSTOWN TRIBUNE.

On Sunday evening, July 31, 1842—fifty years ago yesterday—one of the most atrocious murders in the history of this county was perpetrated in the neighborhood of Ebensburg. That evening two brothers—Barnard and Patrick Flanagan—Irishmen, from Center County, this State, broke into the house of Mrs Elizabeth Holder, a lone widow, who was thought by some persons to have some money in her house. When they entered the house she screamed very violently, and her next neighbor—Mr. Rainey—ran to her assistance. Before he got to the house the struggle was over; the woman was dead, and the murderers were plundering the house.

Mr. Rainey was afraid to venture into the house alone and ran for assistance Four or five men soon went along with him, and they arrived there just as the murderers were about leaving. The citizens endeavored to overtake them, and fired a rifle at one of them, but the bullet missed him. They made their escape in the darkness of the night into the neighboring woods. Some time afterward, they were arrested—one at Bellefonte and the other at Meadville—and were imprisoned at Ebensburg.

On Wednesday, October 6th, of the same year, they were arranged before Hon. Thomas White, President Judge, and Richard Lewis and John Murry Associate Judges, of the Court of Oyer and Terminer of this county. The trial continued daily, except Sunday, until the night of the 15th. Over seventy witnesses were examined. The prosecution was conducted by Thomas C. McDowell, the Attorney for the commonwealth, John G. Miles, Geo Taylor, and John Fenlon, Esqs The defense was sustained by Michael Dan Fagehan, Joshua F Cox, John S Rhey, and Michael Hasson Esqs.

The evidence was closed on the evening of Thursday, October 13th, when the addresses to the jury were opened by Mr. Taylor. The greater part of Friday was occupied by Mr. Rhey and Mr. Magehan on the part of the prisoners and Mr. McDonald on the part of Commonwealth. On the evening of Friday Mr. Cox commenced his speech for the accused, which he finished at noon on Saturday. In the afternoon Mr. Miles summed up for the Commonwealth and Judge White delivered the charge.

The jury retired about 8 oclock the same evening, and after a short absence, returned a verdict that the prisoners were guilty of murder in the first degree.

Efforts were made to secure a new trial, and the Legislature and the Supreme Court were importuned on the subject, but a new trial was not granted.

After a long delay, Governor Porter finally signed the death warrant, but on the evening before it was received in Ebensburg the Flanagans escaped from jail. They have never since been heard of by the public.

HOW'S THIS ?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O., Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75 cts. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

The Young Womens Christain Union of Port Matilda held a picnic on Saturday July 30 at Fowlers Park Mr. and Mrs Fowler with their usual liberality did all that was possible and the people enjoyed themselves. He invited them into his house when a shower came up giving free use of the house Miss Alvirda Woodring rendered some fine music on the piano she was followed by many other young ladies members of the association. Then they were shown and allowed to examine to their hearts content the fine library, which is one of the best in this part of the State. Then Mrs Fowler passed around watermellon all that could be eaten, after the shower the crowd again returned to the park. It was a joyous occasion and Mr. and Mrs. Fowler are the most princely entertainers to be found.

A LEADER.

Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alteratives—containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant, it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of Stomach, Liver or Kidneys—It will cure Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, and drive Malaria from the system. Tatisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded. Price only 50c. per bottle. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

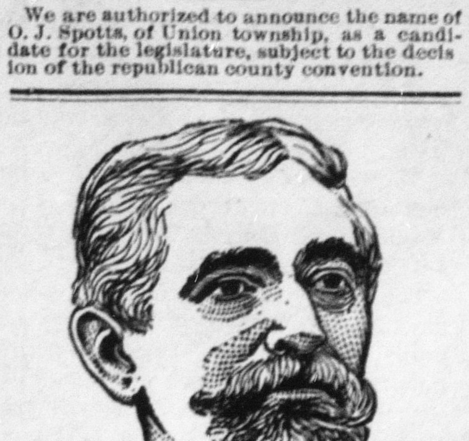
A church festival is to be held at Hunters run on August 20 music will be furnished by Howard Band and all the delicacies ever found at such an entertainment will be found there. All are invited,

THE OLD GAG.

When I proposed to her I was rejected,
But 'twas not as bad as I expected;
She sympathized with me. whereat I
kissed her:
I lost a sweetheart, but gained a sister.

CANDIDATE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce the name of O. J. Spotts, of Union township, as a candidate for the legislature, subject to the decision of the republican county convention.



Mr. Joseph Hemmerich

An old soldier, came out of the War greatly enfeebled by **Typhoid Fever**, and after being in various hospitals the doctors discharged him as incurable with **Consumption.** He has been in poor health since, until he began to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Immediately his cough grew looser, night sweats ceased, and he regained good general health. He cordially recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla, especially to comrades in the **G. A. R.**

HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

SOMETHING NEW.

The Celebrated "Clauss" Bread, Cake and Paring Knife Manufacturers want agents in every locality to handle these knives. Best thing in the market. Present agents clear from $10 to $15 daily. Send $1.00 for sample set. **THE CLAUSS SHEAR CO.**, Fremont, O.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

EDWARD K. RHOADS,

At his yard near Passenger station sells only

THE BEST QUALITIES

OF

Anthracite, Bituminous & Woodland

COAL

—ALSO—

KINDLING WOOD.

AND

Corn Ears, Shelled Corn, Oats, Baled Hay and Straw

TELEPHONE 712

FOR SALE.—A Truss for children from two weeks to four years old. Pronounced by one of the best physicians in Bellefonte to be the best article known for the use it is intended. Will not hurt the child or prevent it from growing, and is waaranted to cure the trouble. Apply to Charles Garrett, No 230 S. Spring street, Bellefonte. Prices reasonable V23 No27 tf

EUREKA !

OUR MOTTO:

Quick Sales and Small Profits.

The EUREKA CASH GROCERY, Bush Arcade Block, is the place to buy Groceries GOOD AND CHEAP. We have always been selling goods at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES bu now we intend to do better than ever and will sell goods at prices that will astonish everyone. Times are hard and we cannot expect to make much. Below we quote you a few of our prices to show that we mean business.

3 cans of Corn for 25 cts.; 3 cans of Peas 25 cts.; 3 cans of Lima Beans for 25 cts.; 6 bars of Soap 25 cts.; Coffee 23-25-26-28-35 cts. per pound; 1 package Mince Meat 11 cts.; Mixed Tea (a number one quality) only 40 cts. per pound; Soup Beans 6 cts. per quart.

The above is a fair sample of our prices. Call and be convinced.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.
HIGH STREET, - - BELLEFONTE
M. P. TUTEN, PROPRIETOR.

LAST OF THE SEASON.

The Pennsylvania Railroad's Twelve-day Excursions to the Shore

The last Pennsylvania Railroad sea-shore excursions of the season leaves Pittsburg 18th.

The tickets include the choicest points on the coast, and are invaluable for Cape May, Atlantic City, Sea Isle City or Ocean City at the same rate.

The excursion tickets, good for twelve days, are to be sold at a rate of $10,00 from Pittsburg, and at corresponding low rates from other stations.

A special train of Parlor Cars and Day Coaches will leave Pittsburg at 8.50 a. m. for Philadelphia, stopping at all important junction points, where connections will be made with trains from branch lines. Passengers will spend the night in Philadelphia and proceed to the seashore by regular trains of the next day.

Tickets will be sold from stations named below, and train schedule will be as follows:—

	Rate.	Trains Leaves
Altoona	8 00	12,55 p m
Hollidaysburg	8 00	11.10 a m
Bellwood	8 00	1,06 p m
Clearfield	8 90	9,40 a m
Philipsburg	8 35	10.32 . .
Osceola	9 25	10.45 . .
Bellefonte	8 65	10.25 . .
Tyrone	7 65	1.18 p m
Cumberland	8 50	8.15 a m
Bedford	8 50	9.49 . .
Huntingdon	7 10	1.48 p m
Mt. Uuion	6 75	2.07 . .
McVeytown	6 50	2.28 . .
Lewistown June'n	5 00	2.15 . .
Mifflin	5 65	3.05 . .
Newport	5 00	3.35 . .
Duncannon	4 60	3,53 . .
Philadelphia...Ar.		7.16 . .

Tickets will also be sold from East Liberty, Irwin, Uniontown, Connellsville, Scottdale, Alverton, Greensburg and Johnstown for regular trains leaving Pittsburg 4,30 and 8,10 p.m. with Pullman Sleeping Cars attached, arriving in Pbiladelphia next morning, whence passengers will proceed to the shore by any regular train of that day.

Application for information should be made to T. E. Watt, Passenger Agent Western District, Pittsburg, Pa.

—The *Journal* of Philipsburg, takes every opportunity to boom that town; If all the people are as earnest as brother Bair it is no wonder that two thirds of them have money enough to visit all the world on summer trips. Such an enterprising people could not help but make money enough nine months in the year to travel the other three. Then we doubt not but they see much in their travels to educate them up to that standard as to make them more prosperous citizens of that town. We copy one of their booming squils and apply it to Bellefonte and so it might be applied to every town in Center county. A good citizen of any place will do all he can to advance the interest of the town in which he lives; there is scarcely a setttement in this county no matter how small that has not a glorious future if the people will show the proper local public spirit, the proper racket" in this competitve world is to consider your own town ahead of every place in a friendly, honest competion. But here is what the *Journal* says only they say Philipsburg instead of Bellefonte as we put it.—Are you booming Bellefonte? If not go about it. The man who cannot take in the broad possibilities of Bellefonte's future, who does not plan and work for their accomplishment, who is not in favor of utilizing all the glorious opportunities that are Bellefonte's by right. is not worthy of citizenship. Let every town in the county take this lesson to heart. Our county all over has a glorious future if its people do what is right we have great undeveloped resources which utilized by intelligence and enterprise will bring great wealth to our people. The future of every town is in the hands of its people.

It will be difficult for Democrats to convince Englishmen that reciprocity is a humbug in face of such figures as these: Increase in exports of American cottons to Brazil in the eleven months ending June 30 last, 2,940,749 yards; falling off in sales of similar goods to Brazil by Great Britain in same period, 27,900,000 yards.

The August *Century*, the Midsummer Holiday number, will contain poems by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Richard Henry Stoddard, Celia Thaxter, R. W. Gilder and others. Mr. Stedman's poem, "A Sea Change," will contain a number of illustrations by Will H. Low.

R. Cleveland Coxe will contribute to the August *Century* an article on the sailor life of Glouster Harbor, illustrated with reproductions of four of his own etchings.

—Perhaps you have not found it out, but a warm wave has struck this town and struck it solid. But that should make no difference with you when your stock of groceries runs out you will find a fresh supply of the very best at the Eureka Grocery, High st., Bellefonte, next door to Post Office.

The Bellefonte Borough Council has reduced the water tax for the coming year last year $7000,00 was raised for water tax this year the assesment will be reduced to $4000,00.

The police report of Philipsburg shows that the fines for the month of July amounted to twenty seven dollars and fifty cents.

The August No of the Review of Reviews is as strong in its portraits of distinguished personages as its predecessors. The frontispiece is a magnificent portrait of Mr. Cleveland, and there follow clear and striking portraits of Mr. Stevenson, the Democratic vice-presidential candidate; Messrs. William C. Whitney, Bourke, Cockran, W. L. Wilson of west Virginia, Henrey Watterson and senator Vilas; Messrs. Weaver and Field, the People's party nominees; Messrs. Bidwell and Cranfill, the Prohibitionist nominees; Mr. Henry C. Frick, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, and Governor Pattison, in connection with a discussion of the labor troubles at Homestead; Hon. Edward Black and the Duke of Abercorn in connection with the English elections; Mrs. Henry M. Stanley and Mis. John A. Fogan, *apropos* of some remarks on English and American women in politics; Hon. Andrew D. White, our new Minister to Russia; Messrs. Carter and Harrity, the newly appointed chairmen of the National Republican and Democratic Committees; Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and his betrothed, the Princess Mary of Edinburgh. There are portraits of the following prominent men who have recently died: Mr. Cyrus W. Field, the Rev. Dr. Chidlow, Professor Theodore W. Dwight, and Mr. Emmons Blaine. The August number of the Review will be found to sustain fully the steadily advancing reputation of this now leading periodical.

DEAD SEA FRUITS.

They slay multitudes when they are the product of neglect or incipient disease. A slight cold, a fit of indigestion, billiousness or constipation each or any of these minor "diseases" advance in many cases with league-destroying strides. Give them a swift, early defeat with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and avert the danger. Abernethy administered an alarming rebuke to the man who informed him that he had "only a cold." "Only a cold," repeated the doctor. "What would ye have—the plague?" Rheumatism and la grippe are easily extinguishable at the start. Why then alloy them to get up a full head of steam. Put on the brakes with the Bitters. The genial warmth which this superb medicine diffuses through the system the impetus it gives to the circulation of the blood, its soothening and strengthening effect upon the nervous, specially recommend it to the enfeebled and sick. 'Tis the great specific for malaria.

THE FREE TRADE CROAKER.

He argued at length that the tariff
Was a sort of a political sin;
The man who went in for protection
And for putting a duty on tin,
A monster of hue diabolic,
An arch villian, whom no one could trust,
Determined to ruin the country
And the treasury pillage and bust.

He signed o'er the bill of McKinley's,
And discovered full many a flaw,
He knew it would ruin the nation
If it ever grew into a law.
He cited each crushing disaster
That e'er had or should come to man's lot
"Results of protection," he called'em,
Down from cyclones to hoppers and rot.

The bill to his sorrow succeeded;
All his prophecies failed, one by one;
The gold's coming in by the million,
And our grain's going forth by the ton.
He looked and he longed for disaster,
But he listened in vain for the crash,
But still he contends that the nation
Is eternally going to smash.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

For our Campaign Books. Lives of Harrison and Reid also Cleveland and Stevenson are now ready. Each contains the issues of 1892. A Hot Campaign! Great selling books!! Big money for agents who strike quick!!! Big terms. Freights paid. Outfits free on receipt of five 2 cts stamps to help pay postage. Lyceum Pub'g Co., 216 S. 3rd St., Phila, Pa.

FEMALE WEAKNESS,—SURE CURE.

To The Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any lady if they will send their Express and P. O. address. Yours respectfully, Dr. W. B. MARCHISI, 90 Genessee St., Utica, N. Y. 30 4t

Mussical College.—The Fall Term opens Sept 12 in Vocal and Instrumental Music. For catalogue address Henry B. Moyer, Freeburg, Pa.

No 31—3t

The children's health must not be neglected. Cold in the head causes catarrh. Ely's Cream Balm cures at once. It is perfectly safe and is easily applied into the nostrils. The worst cases yield to it. 50c.

One of my children had a very bad discharge from her nose. Two physicians prescribed, but without benefit. We tried Ely's Cream Balm, and, much to our surprise, there was a marked improvement. We continued using the Balm and in a short time the discharge was cured.—O. A. Cary, Corning, N. Y.

—"Your husband was a man of many excellent qualities!" "Yes," sighed the widow, "he was a good man; everybody says so. I wasn't much acquainted with him myself, he belonged to six lodges."

Clearfield Base Ball Club has three postponed games to play one each with Bellefonte, Tyrone and Houtzdale.

Between Bellefonte and Rock Mills last Thursday a severe storm prevailed doing considerable damage fences and trees were blown down and rain fell in torrents.

The P. O. S. of A. will hold a festival at Julian on August 19 and 20. They will use the proceeds toward the building of a new hall. All kinds of delicious refreshments and a substantial supper. Remember the day and date.

There will be a festival at Unionville on Saturday, August 20, for the benefit of the Baptist church. It will continue during the day and evening. Everything will be conducted in first class style and the public are invited.

Last Sunday the Methodist pulpit of Bellefonte was occupied in the morning by Rev. Bell from Grace church Williamsport. In the evening by Rev. E. Taminoson a native of Syria. He spoke English as fluently as though it was his mother tongue.

Last week Wednesday the Catholic society of Bellefonte held a picnic at Hunters park the first train started out with eight cars all full at 10-30 A. M. there is said to have been fully five hundred people on the grounds. There was all kinds of amusements dancing included and a first class dinner for 50 cents. The Undine and High School base ball club played a very interesting game of ball. The proceeds of the entertainment are to be used to repair the Catholic school building.

—Harry Simler and Tenpest Slinger, one a republican and the other a democrot will in the future conduct the Ramsdale Hotel at Philipsburg, Mr. Slinger having purchased the interest of E. P. McCormick. The firm is now Simler & Slinger. It was business in connection with this house that brought Harry to Bellefonte last Monday. Slinger has been clerk at the Loyd House. Harry Simler has many friends in Bellefonte who will stop with him when they visit that town.

—The United Brethern church association will hold their 10th annual campmeeting on the association grounds near Bigler station, Clearfield Co., commencing Friday, August 19, and continuing 10 days. Every effort will be made to make this the best that has ever been held. On *Sunday*, the 21st and 28th, *excursion trains will be run on the Beech Creek and Penna R. R. to the camp.* Great attractions will be offered on these days. Bishop Kephart, of Iowa, and Mrs. Keister, of Dayton Ohio, will preach on Sunday, Aug 28. It is expected that there will be large crowds present on these days.

In the Richmond *Times* of the 4th inst, is a notice of Miss Margaret McCartney, who is a sister of Charles McCartney, of Bellefonte, and well known to many of our people. The *Times* says: Mr. E. S. Jenkins and Miss Margaret McCartney were married at the residence of J. B. Hudson, pastor of the Pine street Baptist church, yesterday. The bride and groom are well known in the West End. The wedding was very quiet, only the family of the contracting parties being present. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins left on the afternoon train for Lawrence, Kan., their future home, carrying with them the best wishes of a host of friends.

—We had the pleasure of shaking hands with Capt. Harry Simler of Philipsburg, on our streets last Monday. Harry is himself a first class republican but he does not talk as though Philipsburg would help the republican ticket much for associate Judge this time. However, he says, it depends very much on who is put on the ticket. We republicans are used to it and can stand getting defeated in this county; but when republicans go back on the ticket that is the unkindest cut of all. Bellefonte however cannot say much as she does that kind of business altogether too much. But we say that when a man consents for the good of the party to be placed on the ticket in this county he deserves every republican vote. Now in all candor is not that about right. Let us act on the square.

—A very pleasant social party was given by the daughters of Senator P. Gray Meek, at his hospitable home on West High street Bellefonte, last Monday evening, a large number of our best young people were there. The guests commenced to arrive at eight o'clock, and soon tables were arranged for a game of progressive euchre at which most of those present engaged after that they retired to the lawn separating into pleasant social groups Chinese lanterns furnished light on the grounds supper was served at eleven o'clock, during the evening the guests enjoyed themselves in dancing. The party separated at an early hour much pleased with their royal entertainers. There is no family in town that entertains more gracefully than the Meeks. Among the strangers present from a distance were. Misses Audrey Shortlidge, of Wilmington, Del., and Harlan, of Philadelphia, guests of Miss Lizzie Shortlidge; Miss White, Connellsville, Miss Monahan, of West Chester, who are guests of Miss Blanch Hayes; Miss Dicky, of Lancaster, guest of Miss Martha Keller; Miss Alice Lyon, of Pittsburg, guest of Miss Rebecca Lyon; Messrs Trout and Haley, of State College.

—The Prohibitionists of Philipsburg are called upon to go to Grays building and sign nomination papers they say the Prohibition party will be virtually disfranchised at the coming election if this is not attended to. The signing must be done in the presence of five witnesses. What are the Prohibitionists of Bellefonte and other towns in the county doing in this matter.

STORMY VACATION DAYS.

MADE PLEASANT.

Did you ever have a Vacation without some stormy days, when you did not know what to do with yourself? Reading is what most people fall back on at such times and nothing is better to drive away the blues than a short crisp story or a few good jokes. Our special offer of 25 back numbers of the Waverley Magazine, of different dates, for $1.00 postpaid, will supply you with about 400 short, clean and complete stories, jokes. etc. The same amount of reading in the trashy 15c novel, would cost you $12. Send stamp for sample. Address.

WAVERLY MAGAZINE,
Box 172, Boston, Mass.

OF INTEREST TO FISHERMEN.

The Tyrone correspondent of the Harrisburg *Patriot* says: The Juniata river is full of dead and dying suckers, and on examination for the cause it was discovered that on the top of their heads there was a bug, similar to a bed bug, that eats into the flesh and down through the bone, which causes them to sicken and die. Can any of our piscatorial friends fathom the mystery and give their diagnoses to the public? In the meantime it would be well if these fish were not eaten, as they might produce disease.

TWO DEATHS NEAR PHILIPSBURG.

[Journal of August 2]

James Collins was run over and killed by the cars at Munson last evening. He is said to have been terribly mangled, the wheels cutting off one of his legs and arms and making a large hole in his head. The unfortunate man leaves a wife and six children to mourn his untimely death. He has resided in the neighborhood of Munson for seven or eight years.

George Blackheart, a son of Jeremiah Blackheart, who has lately been suffering from a complication of ailments, died last evening at his home in North Philipsburg. The young man was a miner by occupation, aged about 18 years, and leaves a wife to whom he was recently married and many other warm friends, to mourn his demise.

—New goods received every day at the Eureka Grocery High St. Bellefonte Pa. Call and see them. There is no better place to buy.

WANTED—SALESMAN: Salary from start, permanent place. Brown Bros. Co., Nurseryman, Rochester, New York. 30 4t

Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 85
Mixed wheat per bushel	80
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	45
Corn (ears)	40
Oats	30
Barley	50
Cloverseed, fair to good	7.80
do prime and extra prime	8 00
do choice	8,40
Flour, retail, per barrel	5 00
Flour, wholesale	4 40
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10 00
" prime timothy " "	12.00
" choice " "	15.00

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Green apples, per bushel	40
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	8
New Raisins, per pound	16 — 20
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	12
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	8
Hams, sugar cured	13
Shoulders	10
Breakfast Bacon	12¼
Country Bacon	8
Lard, leaf, per pound	10
Lard, country, per pound	8
Eggs, per dozen	12½
Potatoes, per bushel	30
New Potatoes, per bushel	1 00
Dried Beef	20
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	8
Canned Tomatoes, per can	10—12—15
Canned Corn, per can	10—12½—18
Lemons, per dozen	30
Oranges, per dozen	40—50
Dried sweet Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	35
Roller Flour, per sack	1 25

BOOTS & SHOES.

JOHN M. COBLE,
LEMONT, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order, at two dollars less a pair than than the same can be purchased in Bellefonte or any other large town.

First class work and material. Nothing cheap but the price. Satisfaction guaranteed in fit and style.

All I ask is one trial, I know that after that I shall have your trade.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS AS ABOVE
V23 N27 tf

COURT PROCLAMATION—Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial district, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Daniel Rhoads and the Hon. Thomas F. Riley, Associate Judges in Centre, having issued their precept bearing date the 30th day July, of 1892, to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and commence on the 4th Monday of August the 22nd day of August, 1892, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner. Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o,clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those thing which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then or there to proseutce against them shall be just.

Give under my eand, at Bellefonte, the 30th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1892, and the one hundred and fifteenth year of the Independence of the United States.

WM. A. ISHLER,
Sheriff.

23 30 4t

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osgood,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kincheloe,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Archer, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

United Hospital and Dispensary,
Boston, Mass.

Allen C. Smith, Pres.,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Wonderfully Successful in All Chronic Diseases

—DISEASES OF THE—
Ear, Eye, Nose, Throat, Lungs and Nasal Catarrh.
ALL EYE OPERATIONS SUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED BY THEM.

DR. MORITZ SALM
—WILL BE AT—
THE BUSH HOUSE,
Bellefonte, Pa.,

SATURDAYS—JUNE 25, JULY 23, AUG. 20, SEPT. 17, OCT. 15, NOV. 12, DEC. 10, JAN. 7, FEB. 4, MAR. 4, APR. 1 & 29, MAY 27, JUNE 24. ALSO AT PHILIPSBURG—POTTER HOUSE MONDAYS—JUNE 27, JULY 25, AUG. 22, SEPT. 19, OCT. 17, NOV. 14, DEC. 12, JAN. 9, FEB. 6, MAR. 6, APR. 3, MAY 1 & 29, JUNE 26.

ONE DAY ONLY.
Examination and Consultation
FREE to Everybody.

They will visit this county every four weeks, thus saving their patients the trouble and expense of visiting the city, as they are the only physicians and surgeons in the country who carry their own manakins, models, diagrams, etc., to illustrate and make it plain to all afflicted the cause and nature of their disease. This will give their numerous patients and others who are in need of medical treatment an opportunity to consult these distinguished physicians whose duties at the Institute will permit only monthly visits to your community.

EPILEPSY AND INSANITY.

My daughter Alice had epilepsy to such a degree as to make her idiotic. She was of no use for work, and was not able to recognize any one, we brought her to Dr. Salm for treatment, and the improvement the Dr. worked on her is wonderful. She can work again, has her right mind, no more fits and can talk intelligibly with any one, and is hale and hearty again. Jacab Shaffer.
Mechanicsburg, Pa. Oct. 21, 1891.

RUNNING OF THE EAR AND DEAFNESS CURED.

For the last eight years my little daughter, Bertha, has had a severe case of running of the ear, the odor was fearful, she became pale, thin and generally complained, but after a course of treatment with Dr. Salm, she is hale and hearty, all running of the ear has stopped and her hearing before having been bad is good again. We recommend the doctor.
I G Jones.

Our daughter Mary has been crosseyed since birth, she is now 14 years old, and this day we brought her to Dr. Salm, who visits Indiana every four weeks, an operation was made of not more than a minute's duration, and was without pain no chloroform being given The eye is now as straight as any one's.
Thos. A Johnston
Sue M Johnston.
Advance, Indiana Co., Pa., Nov. 20, 1890.

CATARRH & BRONCHITIS CURED.

Dr. M. Salm treated me for catarrh and bronchitis. I had been affected with it for years and was incapacitated for any work and suffered with sleeplessness, but now consider myself entirely cured. Will be glad to answer any questious pertaining to the above testimonial gratefully. John Newdorfer.
Delmont, Pa.

LUNG TROUBLE & CATARRH CURED

I have had lung trouble and a bad case of catarrh for years, my breathing became very laborious about a year before I came to Dr. M Salm under treatment, and I was unable to do any work whatever, appetite all gone and I became a complete physical wreck and I could see in my friends' eyes that they gave me up for lost. However, after all this, I consider myself now entirely cured, breathing good, no more catarrh, can work all day and feel happy once more; thanks to this great doctor. Lizzie Allison.
Oct. 22, 1891. Blairsville Intersection.

REMOVAL OF POLIPUS.

For the last 12 years I have been troubled with catarrh and for the last 3 years could not breathe through my nostrils; had tried several doctors, and patent medicine in abundance without avail. Dr. Salm, of Columbus, said I had polipus in connection with catarrh; he removed them for me and I breathe again comfortably through both nostrils; altogether I am feeling much better and find myself on the highway to recovery.
Wm. Rosenberger,
18 Muskingum St.,
June 27, 1889. Massillon, O.

WE THOUGHT SHE COUEDN'T LIVE BUT A FEW MONTHS LONGER.

My daughter has been under Dr. Salm's treatment for catarrh for six months, before that time her breath smelled fearfully, she was pale, weak and emaciated, and we thought she couldn't live but a few months longer; however, to-day she is entirely cured from that fearful malady and is in good health as anyone may wish for, not a vestige of the catarrh being apparent. Thanks to Dr Salm's wonderful treatment. August Peters.
April 4, 1890 P. O. Box, 460, Massillon.

Diseases of Women, such as have baffled the skill of all other physicians and remedies, quickly cured. Cancers, Tumors, fibroid and polypoid growths cured without the use of the knife or caustics. No cutting, no pain no danger.

Manhood perfectly restored. Quick, painless, and certain cure for impotence, lost manhood, spermatorrheal losses, weak and nervous debility, also for prostatis, vericocele, and all private diseases, whether from imprudent habits of youth or sexual functions, speedily and permanently cured. Consultation free and strictly confidential. Absolute cure guaranteed. No risk incurred. Free examination of the Urine—each persons applying for medical treatment should send or bring 2 to 4 ounces of urine, which will receive a careful chemical and microscopic examination. Small Tumors, Cancers, Warts, Moles, etc., removed without acids, knife, pain or scar. New method Electroysis, Epilepso or fits scientifically treated and positively cured by a never-failing method. Address all communications to Box 760. Columbus, Ohio. Examination and consultation free to everybody.

☞ Our Advertisement will Appear Twice Before Each Visit

WALTERS' METALIC SHINGLES are made from the best brands of roofing Tin plate, and steel sheets galvanized. You can buy them painted or not. Our Galvanized Shingles are rain and rust proof, without the necessity of painting. Our painted Tin Shingles are more durable and ornamental than it is possible to make a tin roof, put on in the old fashioned style. Write for price list R. THE NATIONAL SHEET METAL ROOFING CO., 9, Cliff street, New York. 23 23 26t

TELEGRAPHY.

A young man or woman who desires to become a Telegraph operator, may hear of an unusual opportunity to learn by addressing W. W. DUNLAP, 606 N. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 23 24 4t

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VAN BIBBER'S CHARITY.

Young Van Bibber broke one of his rules of life the other day and came down town. This unusual journey into the marts of trade and finance was in response to a call from his lawyer, who wanted his signature to some papers. It was five years since Van Bibber had been south of the north side of Washington square, except as a transient traveler to the ferries on the L road. And as he walked through the City Hall square, he looked about him at the new building in the air, and the bustle and confusion in the streets, with as much interest as a lately arrived immigrant.

Van Bibber rather enjoyed the novelty of the situation, and after he had completed his business at the lawyer's office he tried to stroll along lower Broadway as he did on the avenue.

But people bumbed against him, and carts and drays tried to run him down when he crossed the side streets, and those young men whom he knew seemed to be in a great hurry and expressed such amused surprise at seeing him that he felt very much out of place indeed. And so he decided to get back to his club window and its quiet as soon as possible.

"Hello, Van Bibber," said one of the young men who were speeding by, "what brings you here? Have you lost your way?"

"I think I have," said Van Bibber; "if you'll kindly tell me how can get back to civilization again, be obliged to you."

"Take the elevated from Park place," said the friend from over his shoulder, as he nodded and dived into the crowd.

The visitor from up-town had not a very distinct idea as to where Park place was, but he struck off Broadway and followed the line of the L road along Church street. It was at the corner of Vesey street that a miserable-looking, dirty, and bloated object stood still in his tracks and begged Van Bibber for a few cents to buy food. "I've come all the way from Chicago," said the object, "and I haven't tasted food for twenty-four hours."

Van Bibber drew away as though the object had a contagious disease in his rags, and handed him a quarter without waiting to receive the man's blessing.

"Poor devil," said Van Bibber; "fancy going without eating all day." He could not fancy this though he tried, and the impossibility of it impressed him so much that he amiably determined to go back and hunt up the object and give him more money. Van Bibber's ideas of a dinner were rather exalted. He did not know of places where a quarter was good for a square meal, including "one roast, three vegetables, and pie." He hardly considered a quarter a sufficiently large tip for the waiter who served the dinner, and decidedly not enough for the dinner itself. He did not see his man at first, and when he did, the man did not see him. Van Bibber watched him stop three gentlemen, two of whom gave him some money, and then the object approached Van Bibber and repeated his sad tale in a monotone. He evidently did not recognize Van Bibber, and the club-man gave him a half-dollar and walked away, feeling that the man must surely have enough by this time with which to get something to eat, if only a luncheon instead of a dinner.

This retracing of his footsteps had confused Van Bibber, and he made a complete circuit of the block before he discovered that he had lost his bearings. He was standing just where he had started from and gazing along the line of the elevated road, looking for a station, when the familiar accents of the object again saluted him.

When Van Bibber faced him, the beggar looked uneasy. He was not sure whether or not he had approached this particular gentleman before, but Van Bibber conceived an idea of much subtlety, and deceived the object by again putting his hand in his pocket.

"Nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, dear me!" drawled the club-man, sympathetically; "haven't you any money, either?"

"Not a cent," groaned the object; "an' I'm jest faint for food, sir. S'help me. I hate to beg, sir. It isn't the money I want, it's jest food. I'm starvin', sure."

"Well," said Van Bibber, suddenly, if it is just something to eat you want, come in here with me, and I'll give you your breakfast." But the man held back, and began to whine and complain that they wouldn't let the likes of him in such a fine place.

"Oh, yes, they will," said Van Bibber, glancing at the bill of fare in front of the place: "it seems to be extremely cheap. Beefsteak, fifteen cents, for instance. Go in," he added, and there was something in his tone which made the object move ungraciously into the eating-house.

It was a very queer place, Van Bibber thought, and the people stared very hard at him and his gloves and the gardenia in his coat and at the tramp accompanying him.

"You ain't going to eat two breakfusts, are yer?" asked one of the very tough-looking waiters, of the object. The object looked uneasy, and Van Bibber, who stood behind his chair, smiled in triumph.

"You're mistaken," he said to the waiter; "this gentleman is starving; he has not tasted food for twenty-four hours. Give him whatever he asks for!"

The object scowled, and the waiter grinned behind his tin tray, and had the impudence to wink at Van Bibber, who recovered from this in time to give the man a half-dollar and so to make him a friend for life. The object ordered milk, but Van Bibber protested and ordered two beefsteaks and fried potatoes, hot rolls and two omelettes, coffee, and ham with bacon.

"Holy smoke! Watcher think I am?" yelled the object, in desperation.

"Hungry," said Van Bibber, very gently; "or else an impostor. And, you know, if you should happen to be the latter, I hould have to hand you over to the police."

Van Bibber leaned easily against the wall and read the signs about him, and kept one eye on a policeman across the street. The object was choking and cursing through his breakfast. It did not appear to agree with him. Whenever he stopped, Van Bibber would point his stick to a still unfinished dish, and the object, after a husky protest, would attack it as though it were poison. The people sitting about were laughing, and the proprietor behind the desk smiled grimly.

"There, darn ye," said the object, at last; "I've eat all I can eat for a year. You think you're mighty smart, don't ye? But if you choose to pay that high for your fun, I s'pose you can afford it. Only don't let me catch you around these streets after dark, that's all."

And the object started off, shaking his fist.

"Wait a minute," said Van Bibber; "you haven't paid the waiter for your breakfast."

"Haven't what?" shouted the object; "paid him! How could I pay him? Youse asked me to come in here and eat. I didn't want no breakfast, did I? Youse'll have to pay for your fun yerself, or dey'll t'row yer out. Don't try to be too smart."

"I gave you," said Van Bibber, slowly, "seventy-five cents to buy a breakfast with. This check calls for eighty-five cents, and extremely cheap it is," he added, with a bow to the fat proprietor. "Several other gentlemen, on your representation that you were starving, gave you other sums to be expended on a breakfast. You have the money with you now. So pay what you owe at once or I'll call that officer across the street and tell him what I know, and have you put where you belong."

"I'll see you blowed first," gasped the object.

Van Bibber turned to the waiter. "Kindly beckon to that officer," said he.

The waiter ran to the door and the object ran, too, but the tough waiter grabbed him by the back of his neck and held him.

"Lemme go!" yelled the object; "lemme go an' I'll pay you!"

Everybody in the place came up now and formed a circle around the group and watched the object count out eighty-five cents into the waiter's hand, which left him just one dime to himself.

"You have forgotten the waiter who served you," said Van Bibber, severely, pointing with his stick at the dime.

"No, you don't," groaned the object.

"Oh, yes," said Van Bibber; "do the decent thing now, or I'll——"

The object dropped the dime in the waiter's hand, and Van Bibber, smiling and easy, made his way through the admiring crowd and out into the street.

"I suspect," said Mr. Van Bibber, later in the day, when recounting his adventure to a fellow-club-man, "that after I left, the fellow tried to get his tip back from the waiter, for I saw him come out of that place very suddenly, you see, and without touching the pavement till he lit on the back of his head in the gutter. He was a most remarkable waiter." — *San Francisco Argonaut.*

FETTERED AND WON.

In Cheyenne's early days the sheriff was one of the most important personages in the country. In fact, he still holds a conspicuous position in most cities of the vigorous, impetuous West.

Some years ago Sheriff Black, of Cheyenne, was much annoyed by the persistence and determination of sundry suitors for the hand of his fair daughter, Miss Helen.

As is always the case in mining districts, the male population far outnumbered the gentler sex, and Miss Helen, who was a handsome brunette, would have been a belle among far severer critics than the youths of Cheyenne.

She had graduated in St. Louis, and besides being a gifted musician, was a devout worshiper of nature, and fond of out-door exercise.

Almost any fine evening in summer, a passerby might hear her rich mezzo voice accompanying her guitar to some ringing "Ballard of the Plains."

Unconscious was she of the fact that the melody floated out from the shadows of the cottonwood trees, and mingled with the broad, effulgent moonlight, and that many a luckless youth dated a hopeless love from the first evening when he had dropped in to help the sheriff and the old servant in making an audience.

Miss Helen cared little for the admiration of men, but accepted it as a matter of course, having been brought up among them. She enjoyed herself in a fashion of her own, with her books, guitar, sketch book and her spirited horse, Wildfire.

Two of her lovers, however, seemed to gain more favor than the rest. In fact, popular opinion was puzzled as to which would win.

One of these was a tall, athletic young Westerner, who was as bright and invigorating of presence as the air he breathed, and in whose clear, blue eyes not a shadow of deceit was visible. Handsome, for true, but so sturdy and independent that he impressed one as a young giant.

He was an ardent geologist, could analyze a "find" as well as an expert, loved his mountains and worshiped—Miss Helen.

But with all his devotion Joe was a discreet young fellow, and held his curly head up in defiance of mankind in general and his rival in particular, and he had never let the fair Helen feel too sure of her conquest.

The aforesaid rival was a wealthy young mine owner from Chicago—all that is conveyed by the term, "a polished gentleman!" He had laughed heartily when, on departing for his new home, his Chicago friends had jokingly predicted that he would lose his heart to some Western beauty. But here he was, eager to lay his fate and fortune at the feet of the sheriff's queenly daughter.

One bright, breezy day in September, Helen cantered off soon after dinner with her sketching materials, ostensibly to make some sketches of the autumn scenery, but really to commune with nature, the only mother she had ever known, and to decide what answer she should give on the morrow to her wealthy lover, who that day had asked her to be his wife. She had told him that she must read her own heart before she could answer, and he hoped for a favorable reply.

Joe had been offended by one of her hasty speeches a week before. They were talking about Russell, and she had asserted somewhat warmly that she knew of no one whose society she preferred. As soon as the impulsive words were spoken she repented, but Joe rode away with a look in his blue eyes that had haunted her ever since.

Somehow, Joe's haughty head, flung back like a stag at bay, kept looming up before her mental vision, when duty demanded that she be thinking of Russell and his flattering offer.

The hours wore on, and so preoccupied was she that she did not observe the heavy clouds that were rolling black and massive down the mountain sides.

Suddenly a large drop plashed in her face, and she looked about her in alarm. A heavy equinoctial storm seemed almost upon her.

Wildfire sprang forward at the touch of the whip, and literally flew in the direction of the house.

The great clouds came rolling over the hills like giant ogres clad in mist. Thunder and sharp, vivid lightning followed, and then the deluge!

Wildfire dashed on until they came to the creek, and then the girl drew back in dismay!

The creek was a forming torrent, and she could not see the bridge!

Suddenly, she heard a man's voice shouting to her, and in a few minutes Joe on his tough little mustang, was beside her. He wore a buffalo overcoat, and threw a large cloak of her own about her shoulders. She did not wait to ask how he happened to come for her. She forgot that he was angry and hurt. She reached out her firm, white hand and caught Joe's extended fingers, and side by side the two horses were urged across the bridge.

They galloped home in silence, and when they reached there and Helen stepped into the friendly shelter of the broad veranda, she noted the fact that Joe led both horses to the stable and put them up.

Half an hour later Joe, arrayed in Judge Black's dressing gown and slippers (articles brought by Miss Helen from the East), was explaining to the rosy, demure young mistress of the house that her father had been suddenly called to the next town, and might not return before early morning. "He asked me to keep a sort of lookout over the place, and when I rode over to ask you to invite me to tea and found you gone I hastened after you."

This speech over, an embarrassed silence followed. It was broken by Joe, who looked straight at his hostess and said:

"If I am intruding, Miss Nellie, why, just give the word and I'll go."

Helen assured him, in a constrained sort of way, that she was glad of company, and went out to prepare the little supper herself, for in those days, as now, servants were rare and inefficient in the West.

After supper, in an awkward pause of the conversation, Joe took up a little case from the table and began examining its contents—a bright, new pair of handcuffs.

They were a new kind, just from the East, and Helen began explaining the spring lock which opened with a skeleton key.

Somehow, one of the bands was on Joe's wrist, as she slipped the other bright circlet over her firm white hand, when lo, the lock snapped, and they were locked together.

Helen blushed crimson and commenced searching for the key in nervous haste.

But no key was to be found. Suddenly the truth dawned upon her. The key was in her father's pocket, and he was on the other side of Crow creek, which was now a foaming torrent and dangerous to cross in the storm and darkness.

She tried to smile and treat the matter lightly, but it was just the ghost of a smile, and it was a very doleful voice that said: "I am afraid, Mr. Gordon, that we must break the lock. Father has the key."

Joe felt tempted to indulge in a hearty laugh over their queer situation, but a glance at the distressed face across the table sobered his mirth. A great throb of sorrow came over him. If she loved him she would not care so much.

He gazed at the shining fetters on her wrist so long and so earnestly that Helen lifted her eyes wonderingly, but dropped them again.

What woman ever failed to read the story that she saw in the honest blue depths of her humble young giant's eyes?

Her confusion encouraged Joe, but there was almost a tremor in his voice as he laid his great brown hand over her fettered one and said softly: "Nell, if you only loved me I would believe that it was fate that bound us together. I would take it as an omen that fate would grant me my dearest wish. But, Nellie, I dare not hope."

The girl looked up slowly into her lover's eyes, looked steadily, though she still saw that look in them: "Joe," she said, "it is fate."

The cool and cultivated Mr. Russell would have marveled had he seen "that queenly girl" sobbing for very joy on Joe Gordon's shoulder, and perhaps he would have marveled still more had he known that at that moment the thought of him and his millions did not once enter her mind.

When the judge returned, in the grey of the morning, he found an interesting picture.

The lamp still burned in the corner, and the fire was smoldering away. On the broad lounge by the fireplace sat Helen and her lover. She had fallen asleep from sheer weariness, and Joe sat like a statue lest he might disturb the fair sleeper whose cheek was so near his own.

The old gentleman's face was a study. When the truth dawned upon him he flung himself into the nearest chair and laughed until he waked the echoes—likewise Miss Helen.

She was at first bewildered by her novel position, but soon remembered the true situation, and relapsed into silence, leaving Joe to tell the story.

"And now, judge," concluded he, "you may loose these fetters with the understanding that they will soon be replaced by more enduring ones. I must not let my prisoner escape."

Helen's father had always liked young Gordon, and his blessing was forthcoming.

The announcement of the approaching nuptials gave Mr. Russell a conclusive answer, and he settled up his affairs in short order and returned East.

The old judge used to tell with great gusto how Gordon won his perverse daughter and how gracefully she wore her fetters after she was won.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

GROWTH OF THE GRANGE.

The Farmers movement which started a quarter of a century ago in the organization of the Grange is still growing in numbers and usefulness. This organization has done much to secure better chances for our farmers to get a portion of their share of this world's wealth and comfort. We hope they may move on until farmers with other working men have all their rights. Below we give a statement of the growth of the order in many states:

Illinois—Fifteen new and 25 reorganized Granges built six new halls. Total gain of members, 4,660 for the last year; balance in treasury, $3,357.70; saved members over $125,000 in purchase of binder twine, lumber and implements.

Connecticut——Has 110 Subordinate Granges, 7 Pomona and over 10,000 members. Not a single Grange has become dormant for eight years. Patrons' Mutual Fire Insurance Company protects over $2,000,000 worth of farm property at large saving over old rates.

Maine—Total membership, 16,236; 1,201 gain during the year; several new halls built; two mutual fire insurance companies and one aid association doing good work; co-operative business in Portland flourishing. Order never stood better than to-day.

New Hampshire—Organized 9 new Subordinate Grange and 1 Pomona; net gain in membership 1,079; total member ship, over 10,000; last sessions of Legislature passed more laws in interest of farmers than any two previous ones. Annual State Grange Fair largest held in the State and complete success. Fire Insurance Company increased risks over $500,000; policies now in force on $1,807,301 worth of property.

Delaware—The Grange has supplied a body of intelligent and determined voters who demand pure men for candidates as the price of party fealty.

Michigan——Five new Subordinate Granges and one Pomona, adding 447 members.

Nebraska—Two new Granges organized; net increase of membership nearly 50 per cent.

Ohio—Membership December 31, 1890 13,841; Sept. 30 1891, 17,966, with same per centage. Dec. 31, 1891, has over 20,000 members; 18 new Granges started and 20 dormant ones re-organized. Several new Grange halls built.

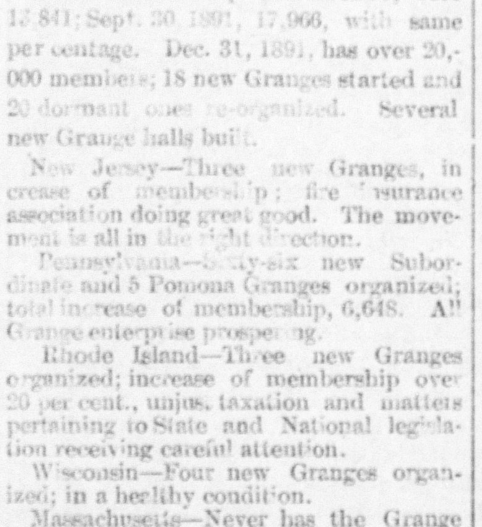
New Jersey—Three new Granges, increase of membership; fire insurance association doing great good. The movement is all in the right direction.

Pennsylvania—Sixty-six new Subordinate and 5 Pomona Granges organized; total increase of membership, 6,648. All Grange enterprise prospering.

Rhode Island—Three new Granges organized; increase of membership over 20 per cent., unjust taxation and matters pertaining to State and National legislation receiving careful attention.

Wisconsin—Four new Granges organized; in a healthy condition.

Massachusetts—Never has the Grange been held in such high esteem by all classes; five Subordinate and two Pomona Granges organized. Net increase of membership, 1,100. Two fine new halls erected.



A MAD POET

rushed into a newspaper office recently, and threatened to "clean out" the establishment, because they printed his verses wrong. Said he: "I wrote, 'To dwell forever in a grot of peace,' and you idiots put it 'a pot of grease.'" The mortified editor presented him with a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, a year's subscription and an apology.

The little "Pellets" positively cure sick and nervous headache, biliousness, costiveness, and all derangements of the stomach, bowels and liver. It's a large contract, but the smallest things in the world do the business—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're the smallest, but the most effective. They go to work in the right way. They cleanse and renovate the liver, stomach and bowels thoroughly—but they do it mildly and gently. You feel the good they do—but you don't feel them doing it.

They're the *cheapest* pill you can buy, because they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You only pay for *the good* you get.

That's the *peculiar* plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on, through druggists.

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John, in astonishment, what woman?

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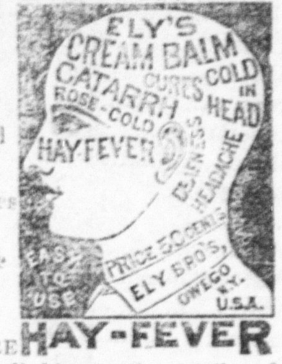

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WAITING.

It was autumn along the northern coast. The summer had gone all at once. The blue sky had given place to a sky of gray, wind-swept, with low, driving clouds, which threw down little flurries of snow every now and then.

There were rocks upon the shore upon which no verdure grew, and far inland the soil was poor, sterile, and inhospitable for man and beast; a little grass grew—not much—and the flail of the thresher had not been needed for many a year.

It was not a place one would choose to live in, after the summer had gone; but there are many places in the world that one would not choose to live in, at any time. In the summer, these people found the means of a poor livelihood here, and so they stayed. In the winter, when cold and snow and ice put their seals upon the coast, they still lived on, waiting for the summer, which after many months, would come again. In the cellar they buried a few potatoes; some kits of salted fish were stored away; great piles of driftwood were stacked against the cabins. Then they waited for the summer again.

In one of these cabins a woman waited, who had waited wearily through many a summer and winter; and she differed from the others who waited, in this: that she never cared whether they came. Most of the others who waited did care; in a dull, apathetic way, life was dear to them, but it was not so to this woman.

Long years ago, so long that the dozen brief summers and the dozen long, cold, dreary winters seemed dozens and dozens to her, this woman had been young and joyous, and in a certain wild, coarse way, she had some claim to beauty, and she had been strong of mind, of will, and of body. Her lithe, brown arms could handle an oar as well as many men. Her firm brown hands could hold the tiller or the sheet of the dory.

She had had lovers, too. For they even made love, and played all the parts of life, upon that bleak coast. But she had played fast and loose with them until they had grown tired, one by one, and gone away, or married other girls and settled down to the dull routine life in which was neither beauty nor gentleness nor romance.

Jane Somers had not envied them. She was not even jealous of the wives of these men. She pitied them when their husbands got drunk and beat them, as they sometimes did. When their children came, she would go and nurse them, and tidy up their poor cabins a little, and berate the husbands with a shrewish tongue for their improvidence.

"Sorry enough am I for Jack Purdy's wife," she would say to her mother, upon coming home from such an errand. "She wanted him so bad. Never rested till she had him fast. Wouldn't speak to me for months when Jack was worrying me to marry him. And now he spends the money that he earns at the fishing for liquor and lets her want. Ah! if he were my man, now, he'd do different. I warrant you."

"Better wait till you get a man of your own before you tell so fast what you would do with some one else's. If you had taken Jack Purdy, now, don't you think he would be drinking just the same?"

"Indeed he would not, mother. It's not I that would let him take the bread out of my children's mouths; and I think no man would ever beat a woman if it wasn't for the liquor."

"Ah! Jane. You're a bit daft on that. Don't be always thinking of the same thing, my girl."

"Indeed, I am not always thinking of it, mother. And I am never sorry. If a man don't care enough for a woman to give up his drink, he don't care much, that's all. Then why should she?"

"A bit of a drink is not always hurting a man, Jane, It's a rough life they have. And it is not a good thing that a woman should be growing old here alone. I won't last much longer."

"I am better off than some of the other silly creatures, as it is, mother."

For a dozen years, this woman had been trying to comfort herself with the belief that she was "better off" as it was. She had not wanted any of these rough, roystering young fellows who had dangled after her for awhile, and then solaced themselves with some other girl. She had felt above them; she had been above them in fact, for she knew a little of the world beyond the coast. Not that she had ever journeyed away from it—except as a book now and then, or a paper, or a magazine had helped her to do so. She might, perhaps, have gone away from all these things that were so distasteful to her, and seen something of that outside world, but she had given her promise to wait just there.

Willie Trejor had been the likeliest lad in the village; every one had said that of him. Even as a boy, he had been a master hand at the fishing; before he was a man he had a share in his boat. He was only twenty then, and when the papers were made out, he had come to Jane Somers with them as an evidence that he was a boy no longer, and asked her to marry him.

"I will not marry you nor any other man, Willie, until you prove that you love me better than the drink. We can see too many girls right here who have found what it costs to do different."

Willie's brown cheek had flushed with honest pride as he answered.

"You don't think I am such a man as they are whose wives you are thinking of, do you, Jane?"

"No, not such a man now, and, please God, may you never be. But Sam McRae was a fine, honest lad when poor Nell married him, and he said he would give up the drink when he was married. But he never did."

"Sam McRae is a dolt of a man," answered Willie, "and Nell but cries and looks scared when he comes about her. You could have made something even of Sam," he continued admiringly, "but Nell never could."

"He should make something of himself," Jane replied, flushing. "A man should not offer to take care of a woman, and expect her to make a man of him."

"I don't look for you to do that for me. Jane. I can do that for myself, I think; and, if you will marry me. I swear to you I will let drink alone, though it's little enough harm it has ever done me; and it's a good thing, I can tell you, girl, in a rough sea on a wet night."

"If you stop drink, I will marry you when the boats come home again; but not unless you swear to me then that you have drunk no drop from this night till that; and if you cannot come and tell me then, I will wait until you can tell me that you have stopped; for I do love you dearly, Willie, and I will be the wife of no man but you."

And Jane Somers had laid her small, firm hand in his huge one, and had lifted up her brown face to be kissed, and with the kiss had registered a vow that she would wait till the end of time, if need be.

Then Trejor had gone to the boats with a sulky, honest purpose in his heart. He would stand the gibes of the men—that would be the hardest part of all—that he might go back and tell Janie she should get a wedding-gown ready.

They had had good luck—so good, that the men could not go home until they had celebrated it by a grand carousal. Trejor had not meant to join them, but then, they had taunted him with being in leading strings, and that he dared not go. So he had gone at last, but promising himself that he would yet keep his word to Janie about the drink. But the human will is weak, even in strong men, sometimes. And in the morning Trejor awoke with a shamed feeling that he had not been a man—that even his love for Janie had not been enough to make him a man. And she would not marry him, and trust to making a man of him afterwards; he knew Jane Somers well enough never to think that.

The boats were ready to start homeward, but Trejor was not going with them. He could not face Janie with that broken promise. She had promised to wait for him, and he knew she would keep her promise. So he sent a letter, very humble and very manly, saying he would go away and stay until he could come back with a clean conscience. He would come back; he was sure of that.

Jane had read his letter by herself, but had made no moan. She had not even been surprised, for she had little faith in such promises among the fishing men. She had seen so much of them. Mrs. Somers had guessed her daughter's trouble, but she gave Jane little sympathy.

"You are a foolish girl, Jane, to spoil your life for such notions. Willie Trejor is the best fisherman in the village, and he will make the most money. What if he does spend a trifle of it for drink? You should be willing to give him his pleasure."

"You know it is not that mother. But if he should strike me once when he was in his cups, then I should hate him, and there would never be peace between us any more."

"Many a better woman than you has stood that much for the man she loved," said the mother.

"It may be so. But I am not such a creature as Nell McRae, to sit down, white and scared, if a brute of a man should strike me, or swear at me; and well does Willie Trejor know that!" she added with flashing eyes.

"Tut! tut! girl. If you talk that way, it's a wide berth all the lads will give you."

"I want them to do that. They are ont worth Willie's little finger."

"Yes, he's well enough," grumbled the mother. "But if he doesn't come back, remember 'there's just as good fish in the sea.' He's not the only lad in the village nor on the coast."

It was a waste of words talking to Jane. If Willie came not, none need come. And so she waited, and grew old and plain, and set in her ways, as women will who live without love.

And now a dozen years had gone by, and no word had come from Trejor. Sometimes they heard rumors through some of the village lads who had found their way to wider seas. One said he was mate upon a ship that traded in the great ports. Another, that he was off in some foreign navy, trying to get shot in wars that were no concern of his. Jane listened and waited. If he were alive, and could make a man of himself, he would come back. If he could not do that, then it was better for them both that he never came.

At last it did come. It was all very simple and natural. It was summer, and Jane was tending some old-fashioned flowers which she had coaxed into growing in the little garden. There were some asters and marigolds and a clump of everlasting, which she liked to have to brighten the house up a little in the long winter. She had been bending down, when she heard her name called; and before she looked up, she knew it was Willie come back.

She was so glad that she thought he must hear her heart beat; but womanlike, she had time to think of her looks, and she wished her gown was not so plain and old maidish; and would he think she had changed much, she wondered? If she only had one of the faded ribbons at her throat that had been laid aside these twelve years, it would be a little more like old times. But before all these had taken definite shape, she was in Willie' arms, sobbing and crying like a tired child, not like the prim little old maid that she had grown to be.

When they were seated side by side upon the sofa in the clean parlor, Trejor told his story in a few words.

"I have been trying to come back all these years, Janie, but I couldn't come till I could tell you that no drink had passed my lips for one whole year. Sometimes I would most make it and then away I'd go again. Luck would turn bad, or I'd be in the port with the men, or we'd be out in rough weather. And then it would seem for awhile that there was no use trying. But it's a year now, Jane, and I've stopped for good, and—you'll marry me now, won't you, Jane?"

Jane was very tired waiting, and even if she were not quite sure, she would risk it now; all women risked something. So for an answer she laid her hand in his, not so brown and firm as it was a dozen years before, and said:

"Yes, I will marry you now, Willie!"

If there was any mistrust in her heart, he knew nothing of it.

When the wedding-day came, they made a fine couple, the village folk said, though not so young as they had been. Jane was very quiet and happy, and made her answers in a firm, clear voice. But when it was over, and Willie bent down to kiss his bride before all the people, she gave a little cry, and looked up into his face with a startled expression. What she saw there confirmed her fears, but she took his arm and walked bravely home beside him; she would not show her humiliation before the village.

When they were inside the door, she turned, and faced him:

"So this is your manliness, is it? To win your wife by promises, and then to break them on your wedding-day?"

"Don't be too hard on me, Janie," he said, with a feeble laugh. "A man can't be a churl on the day he is married. The men had to be treated, and I just took a glass with them."

"I said I would marry you, Willie, and I have. But you had better go away now. I said I would wait for you again—and so I will now. But don't ever come back again till you're sure of yourself."

Trejor sat with his face almost as white as his wife's.

"You don't mean that you're sending me away now?" he asked in a thick voice.

"Yes, you have lied to me. You had better go."

The summers came and went as before. Jane Trejor tended her little garden and ministered to her neighbors in sickness and in death; and though she waited and hoped, her waiting and hoping never brought a reward again.

After a long time her life ebbed out, as her mother's had done before, and, at her request, they put above her grave, a stone, with this inscription:

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Long years afterward, what was only the mere wreck and semblance of a man came back to the village. He wandered into the cheerless little cemetery and saw the stone with the inscription. He said to some of the people:

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Among the Moonshiners of North Carolina. By Gen. Marcus J. Wright.

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This is only a partial list. Other attractive features will be announced from time to time.

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Bellefonte Republican,

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No communication published unless accompanied by the rea name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upor but one ide of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or ancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—Another hot wave is visiting us.

—They say that a silver dollar bearing the date of 1804 is worth $600.

—A great many Philipsburgers are this year going to Newton Hamilton to camp out.

—On August 18th the Lutheans of Blair county will hold a reunion at One Hundred Springs near Birmingham.

—The town council of Philipsburg has forbiden bicycle riding on the sidewalk and ordered the police to see that it is stopped.

—An infant child of Mike Berger, of Bellefonte, about three months old died last Saturday. The funeral was Monday afternoon at three o'clock.

—Last Sunday, an infant child of John Martz of Bellefonte, aged nine months died of cholera infantum, and was buried Monday afternoon at five oclock.

—There is a street in Hastings, called Beaver street, after Ex-Gov. Beaver. Oh! that we might be immortalized by having a town or even a street named after us.

—The Knights of the Golden Eagle, o Lock Haven, are to visit Bellefonte, on the 18th inst about sixty strong, they will bring the Good Templar band with them.

—On July 9th a three year old son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hought, of Washington Furnace, was burned to death. The child was playing with matches which caused the accident.

—Go to the Eureka Grocery, High St. Bellefonte, for good fresh groceries. They have a nice, fresh stock and sell at very reasonable prices. They never get left on the price call and see.

—The temperancee people, of Bellefonte hold a picnic at Hunter's Park to day. The W.C.T.U. and the B. T. U. are there. All friends of temperance are invited and and that should mean everybody.

—A writer in one of our literary publications propounds the following question, "are women learning to hate men?" As far as our observation goes in this section they are just as found of them as ever.

—Rev. J. P. Sarvis, greeted his many friends in Bellefonte, last week. He is now located at Ansonville Clearfield Co. He was called here to attend the funeral of Benjamin Fulton, at Mr. Fulton's request.

—On Thursday, Aug 18th, the Luthern Society of Bellefonte will hold a festival in the court house yard, the object being to raise money for their new church. They should be well patronized for so worthy an object.

—The *Gazette* gives credit to Sam Ryan, Supt. at water works, as being one of the important factors in securing a reduction of water tax. That is all right for taffy but if it is meant in earnest it is absurd in the highest degree.

—Mrs. Fusser, Mrs. Detling, Mollie Hass, Annie Clever and Lena Beezer took dinner with the John Anderson Fishing Club at near Howard last Thursday. The dinner was prepared by a member of the club and was as fine as could be.

—Last Thursday a party of ladies and gentlemen came from Philipsburg and put up at the Brockerhoff House On Friday morning they visited the Penn Cave. The party consisted of G. W. McGaffey, wife and daughter; Thomas Barns and wife with three daughters; Ruth, Rachel, Anna, Esther; J. E. Johnson. ,wife and daughter.

—We copy the following from the Philipsburg *Journal* of Aug., 6. J. D. Ritter, the popular young contractor, with his crew of carpenters, consisting of William Shimel, J. B. Runk and William Cone, left this morning for Philadelphia to finish a contract undertaken by Hoover, Hughes & Co., of this place, and which must be completed at a given time.

—The new Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. arrived in Bellefonte last Thursday. He came from Oil City with his wife and infant child and is stopping at the boarding house of Miss Ann McGill, on Alleghany street, opposite the rooms of the Association. His name is Harvey he seems to be a pleasant gentleman well fitted for the position. We wish him success.

—The lightening struck a house owned by Mrs. Margret Gregg, of Milesburg, a few days ago knocking down the chimney. It also struck a house occupied by Mr. Gibbs and family inflicting a shock on Miss Gibbs which has made her ill ever since. The old lady, mother of Miss Gibbs, who has been feeble for some time was slightly affected by the lightening.

—The old Catholic church at Bellefonte is being used for the Catholic school and is being remodeled for that purpose. The building will be adorned with a new roof made into two stories divided into several rooms. There will be three rooms down stairs which will be completed this fall and furnished with the best modern school furniture. The society is raising money for this school by festivals, subscription, etc,

DEATH OE MRS. WM. WHITE.

Pine Glen, Aug 8, 1892.

To Editor of BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN.

SIR:— I ask you to chronicle the departure of one of the purest spirits that ever winged its flight from earth to heaven.

Mrs. Lova S. White, of Pine Glenn, wife of the late Capt. William White, who died Monday, July 25, 1892, aged 73 years, 7 months and 10 days.

Her maiden name was Lova S. Lucas. She was born in Centre county, near Milesburg, Jan, 15, 1819, and moved to Snow Shoe in 1826, she then being seven years old. Her fathers family were the third settlers in the Snow Shoe region. Her father Perry John Lucas, fought at lake Erie and won a medal for bravery. Five of her brothers fought in the defense of their country in the late rebellion. She was married to William White in 1846, being at that time 27 years old, and moved to Curtin's works where she resided a few years then moved back to Snow Shoe and from there to Pine Glenn where she has lived for the last thirty years. In her early life she was a member of the Baptist church continuing in that church for many years but after she came to Pine Glenn she connected herself with the Methodist denomination while she was able to attend her place in the Lords House was never vacant she loved his cause and was ever ready to bow in humble prayer at his altar and her house was a home for ministers of all denominations.

She was a loving, affectionate parent, a kind and obliging neighbor.

"None knew her but to love her
Nor named her but to praise."

Four years ago she lost her eyesight and partly her hearing from the effect of catarrh but through all her trouble she put her trust in Jesus looking forward to the time when she would enter the land where the eyes of the blind are open where all is brightness and joy.

On the twentieth of last June she was attacked with *gangrene* in her feet which in five weeks from the time it was first noticed ended in her death. During all her sufering she was patient saying "He doeth all things well" "I am ready to go when Jesus calls" she often quoted the 23rd psalm, and when she felt that death was near and saw the shadow of the angels darkening wing across her path as it drew more near she lifted her sightless eyes to heaven and prayed with her last breath Father thy will be done Peacefully she passed away a heavenly smile resting upon her countenance.

Calmly as to a nights repose
Like flowers at set of sun.

Two daughters Mrs. Nelson Watson, of Pine Glenn and Miss Dora G. White a prominent school teacher of Centre county three sisters and three brothers are left to mourn her death.

Why should our tears in sorrow flow
Where God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

Then let our tears now cease to flow—
God has recalled His own;
But let our hearts in every woe
Still say—"Thy will be done."

TROUBLE IN MEYER'S ORCHESTRA

Christy Smith, who plays the big fiddle in Meyer's Orchestra, became offended the last time they played at the Court House open air concert because the director wanted to play a piece he did not like. The piece was played but when it came Smith's turn to render his part of the harmony he did not come to time This caused trouble which ended in Smith refusing to have anything more to do with that organization. On his instrument was a set of strings which were purchased by the orchestra. The property of the organization is in the hands of trustees. Smith had taken his instrument home and when asked by a member of the orchestra to give up the strings he refused to do so, alleging that he would keep them until some claim he said he had against the concern was liquidated. Mr. Calvin Meyer, who is one of the trustees, had a search warrent placed in the hands of constable Montgomery who went to Smith's house and obtained the property. Mr. Smith has been urged to go back to his place in the orchestra but he positively refuses to do so. He is a good musician and has been a member of this and other similar organizations in this town for several years. The strings in dispute are said to be valued at six dollars.

INSTALATION OF OFFICERS.

The following officers elected by Forest Home Lodge, No. 35 I. O. G. T. of Philipsburg, for the ensuing term were installed last saturday evening, by Lodge Deputy, Jas S. Blair.

P. C. T.—J. E. Bloom.
C. T.—John H. Apgar
V. T.—Mary Kellock
Sec.—Wm. Rodgers
F. S.—George Hamer
T.—Julia Kellock
C.—Annie Morris
M.—George Allen
G.—Martha Eboch
S.—Harry D. Ganoe
D. M.—Helen Livingstone
A. S.—Mrs. Wm. Rodgers
Organist—Mrs. James S. Blair; assistant, Miss Mamie Lingenfelter.

—There is an ordinance of our borough council which forbids cows to run at large between the hours of seven o'clock P. M. to seven o'clock in the morning. Of late no attention seems to be paid to this law. One reason, no doubt, is that our High Constable, Leander Green, has left the town. It is important that this law should be observed as the wandering cows are liable to do great damage to gardens at night.

THE SOLDIERS RETURN.

Company B. returned to Bellefonte on the 8-45 o'clock train last Tuesday evening from Homestead and was received at the station by the Pleasant Gap band and a large crowd of our citizens, both male and female; cannon crackers, rockets, and roman candles added brilliancy and noise to the general tumult of enthusiastic reception. The boys formed near the bridge and headed by the band marched up High street to the diamond were a supper had been prepared for them by the ladies of the town; but before they were asked to partake of refreshment they were marched in a circle round the band stand where George L. Potter chairman of the meeting, received them and introduced Ex-Gov. Beaver who made an address of welcome which was responded to by Capt. W. F. Reber. David F. Fortney and John G. Love also made short, eloquent speeches. Ex-Gov. Curtin was present and was loudly called on for remarks but not feeling well did not respond. E. C. Humes and Rev. Laurie were among those we noticed on the stand. The exercises at the stand were short, not lasting over thirty minutes, after which the boys were invited to partake of the excellent supper. A large crowd filled the square listening to the fine music of the band and shaking hands with the soldier boys. The crowd had begun to thin out when we left at ten o'clock. It was a fitting tribute to these men who responded so promptly to the call of the commander in chief to quell insurection in our state. Gov. Curtin said it carried him back to the stirring times of sixty one when the boys were getting ready for that terrible contest.

AN EVENING PARTY.

Last Friday evening, there was a dance in Bush Arcade Hall, J. M. Dale, and Edmund Blanchard, of Bellefonte, being the projectors, it was a swell affair. The Hall was beautifully decorated, and the Stopper and Fisk orchestra of Williamsport furnished the music, at 7-30 carriages with guests began to arrive and at eight o'clock dancing commenced. The gentlemen were arrayed in evening dress and the attire of the ladies was fashionable and beautful, an elegant supper was served at eleven o'clock, at one o'clock the party broke up. Among the guests from a distance were:

Mr. and Mrs. Cox, of Chester Valley: Mrs. Cooper, Winston, N. C; Miss Dunott, and Miss Halderman, Harrisburg, Miss Monaghan, West Chester; Miss White, Cornelsville; Miss Reynolds, Miss Dickey and Miss Green, Lancaster; Miss Harvey, Lock Haven; Miss Malone, Germantown; Miss Stewart, Tyrone; Miss Lyon Pittsburg; Miss Henkels, Philadelphia.

Messrs. Bailey, and Williamson, Huntingdon; Worrell, New York: Monaghan and Murtagh, West Chester; Chamberlin, Hazelton; McPherson, Gettysburg; Dunn, Lock Haven; Morris and Troy, Tyrone; Haley, State College.

KNIGHTS OF GOLDEN EAGLE.

Celebration August 18

Already fifteeu hundaed Knights have signified their determination to be present at the celebration to be held in Bellefonte on August 18 and not half have been heard from. There is no doubt that this will be one of the largest gatherings any secret society ever made in this town, and the parade will be a display worth witnessing, then the managers, are leaving no stone unturned" to render the affair a complete success John Sourbeck, is one of the managers of the amusement part of the display, and what Johny takes hold of has to go, The Baloon assension, will be a sight never before witnessed in this county. A beautiful young lady. will go up in a baloon, and when four thousand feet from the ground, will collapse the air ship and desend to the earth again by a parachute. It will be a thrilling and blood curdling sight, no doubt many a young man will think it a pity to put such a beautiful young lady to so daring and dangerous a task but then it is all for our amusement, and Johny says she has done it a hundred and fifty times, and never yet met with an accident.

BASE BALL.

Until last week Philipsburg lead in the Mountain League games but they were beaten by Clearfield which had all along been the lowest club in the league then they refused to play Houtzdale which put them down another peg they then played with Bellefonte last Friday and were again beaten. This places Bellefonte in the lead which position the boys say they are going to try hard to hold until the close of the series which will be on the 17th of September. Below we give the present standing of the Clubs in their championship contest.

	WON	LOST	PER CENT
Bellefonte	9	6	600
Tyrone	9	6	600
Philipsburg	8	6	500
Houtzdale	7	8	466
Clearfield	5	8	384

—Perry Steele, a native of Bellefonte, almost eighty years old and as active yet as a cat, has been working on the pike near town with his son Newton. They have made an excellent piece of road. Perry is an old contractor and what he does not know about handling rock and removing soil is not worth knowing.

BURIAL OF JAMES FULTON.

A Patriot, a Soldier, a Manly Man.

One of the most popular men among the employees of the Valentine Iron Co. was James Fulton, whose death was recorded in last week's REPUBLICAN. He had been a soldier of two wars was a generous hearted, noble fellow, an honest earnest, manly man, and everybody loved and respected him. He had lived all his life in Centre county but he had not grown rich in money, only rich in the love and respect of his fellows—the noblest wealth any man can win. Men who are noble and good, honest in all their dealings, can not accumulate wealth. It requires a certain hardness of heart, a certain selfishness and disregard for others, to prosper in a worldly way; and James Fulton was too generous and sympathetic for that. Such a man cannot accumlate money when his neighbors are in want. He was buried from the Valentine Iron Works church last Friday afternoon. The building is not large enough to accomodate all who would come to pay the last debt of love and respect to such a man, therefore there were a great many who could not get into the church. Forty members of Gregg Post, No. 95, G. A. R., of which the deceased was an honored member, marched from their room a distance of over a mile. Seats had been reserved for them, which were occupied by them upon their arrival. Rev. Emenhizer, of the United Brethren congregation, met the mourners as they entered the building. With them were Revs. Sarvis, Koontz, Leidy and Kennelly. Rev. Leidy, who is pastor of the church, commenced the service by reading the 90th Psalm followed by Bev. Koontz of the Evangelical church in prayer; then was sung the hymn entitled, "When I can read my title clear to mansions in the sky," a favorite of the deceased. As we stated last week Rev. G. P. Sarvis, a former pastor of the church, had been requested by Mr. Fulton to preach his funeral sermon. He was very much affected by the sad occasion and seemed to be making a great effort to control his feelings. He took for his text "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." He paid a glowing tribute to the many excellent virtues of the dead before him. After the sermon Rev. Leidy, pastor of the church, made a few remarks which were followed by another hymn, "A charge to keep I have." The service concluded all were given an opportunity who desired to take a look at the beloved face of their friend and fully five hundred persons looked for the last time on the face of James Fulton. A large concourse of people in carriages and on foot followed the remains to the Friends cemetery where services were held over the grave in accordance with the last wish of the dead by the Grand Army Post.

The pall bearers were chosen om among the members of the Post and were Thos Donachy, Amos Garbrick, Lafayette Mulholand, Alfred Hassinger, William Hampton, and Thos Watson. Peter Fulton, a brother of the deceased, of Illinois, was present at the funeral.

AN OLD RESIDENT OF PHILIPSBURG WHO WAS ACQUAINTED WITH THE FOUNDER OF THE TOWN.

The Philipsburg Daily *Journal* says:

Mrs. Robert Potter, of Altoona, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Turley of Mountain Dale, have arrived here on a visit to old-time friends, guests of Mrs. Sarah Howe and Orin Vale. Mrs Potter is now in her 74th year, and during her earlier life resided in Philipsburg. She can well remember Hardman Philips, the founder of our town, as well as Dr. Plum and Dr. Loraine, father of our late townsman, Dr. J. O. Loraine. Not having visited here for twelve years she expressed herself surprised at the wonderful growth of our little mountain city.

—We notice that there are Sunday trains running at times on these branch roads in Centre county. We know also that public sentiment here is strong against the running of Sunday trains regularly. Now, we would like to ask a question and we ask it in all sincerty, viz: If it is wrong for the world's people or those who do not attend the churches to ride in a rail road train on the Lord's day, is it not as wrong for christian people to charter Sunday trains for any purpose? Our columns are open for an answer to this question. If it is right for christian people to ride on Sunday and wrong for others to ride on that day, will someone please tell us why there is a law for one that does not apply to all?

—The post office department has made the request that the post master at county seats should visit the other offices in their counties and make a report as to their condition and needs. Several days ago Post Master Feidler received the blanks from the department to be filled out after this tour is taken, He has been making that tour lately. We might add that county seat post masters get no pay for this extra work nor does the department compell them to perform it they only request them to do it but perhaps their request is like the wish of a king it has the force of a command.

—Dr. George Potter Post, No. 261, G. A. R. of Milesburg, held a festival on July 22 and 23, which was a great success and added to the relief fund of the Post $180,51. Three cakes were sent by Col Curtin, who was at Homestead; on one was "Compliments of Marvin's Bakery, Pittsburg" By the sale of these three cakes thirty one dollars were realized. The members of the Post are well pleased with their success and also very grateful to all who aided them to this result.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Mr Thomas Orbison we notice is home again. [illegible] ous friends heartily,

Mrs. D.G. Bush, who has been away in the west for several weeks, returned home last week.

Mrs. Rash Williams, of Atlantic City, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Osmer, on Willow Bank street.

H. K. Grant, of Philipsburg, has left that town for a ten day trip to the White Mountains in New Hampshire.

Miss Bella Rankin, one of the oldest and best teachers in the Bellefonte public schools, has gone to Asbury Park for a season of recreation.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Blanchard gave a party in honor of a friend who is visiting them last Thursday evening. It was of course a grand affair.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Munson, of Philipsburg, are off on an excursion to Niagara Falls, before returning they will visit friends at Barnes Corner, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jenkins, of Bellefonte, are visiting in towm. The latter is a sister to our esteemed young townsman, Mr. Frank Lukenbach.—*Phil. Journal.*

Mr. M. C. Fryberger, of Philipsburg, is passing through a severe sick spell. It is thought, however, that with the careful nursing he gets he will pull through all right.

Charles Cruse, performed on the organ at the Episcopal church last Sunday. It was his first appearance in public as an organist, he is said to have acquitted himself with credit.

Mrs D. H. Hastings went to Philadelphia last Saturday to meet J. H. Lamburt and daughter, Col and Mrs Rodgers and other friends. From there they go to New York and charter a Steam tug go out a days journey to meet Gen Hastings on his return from Europe.

J. C. Meyer and wife Miss Ida Gerberich and Miss Jennie Pontous make a party that started for Atlantic City last week Thursday. It was their intention to stay about ten days by the troubled sea, and commune with nature in her varying moods. We hope they will have a plesant me.

Mrs. J. C. Harper, of Bellefonte, has been visiting her brother Ed at Winburn, Clearfield Co., and on her return home, brought with her, a carrier pigeon. Last Friday morning at 10 o'clock she attached a message to the bird for her brother and sent it on its way, it reached Winburn at five o'clock in the afternoon.

RevJamesW Boal, presbyterian minister of Williamsport Pa, with his wife and daughter are spending part of his summer vacation in this city "mit de beautiful spring They are stopping at the boarding house of Miss McGill. Rev. Boal has traveled much over the country has been a close observer and is a plesant conversationalis He made a pleasant call with his daughter at the REPUBLICAN office.

Rev. C. W. W[illegible]son, a United Brethern preacher, formally located at Philipsburg, this county, but more recently at Tyrone has concluded to cut his lot with the Methodists and has accepted the vacancy caused by the death of Rev. Geo. W. Brouse, which was announced in the REPUBLICAN several weeks ago. He will preach his first Sermon in his new place at the Woodland church next Sunday.

Charley Nau, well known in Bellefonte, has according to the Tyrone *Herald*, got into business with the sheriff. He had been pushed by his creditors and not being able to meet their demands, the sheriff closed the place. The bar and other fixtures of his trade were removed, leaving Charley only the empty room. It is said however that he is making arrangements to start up again. He was in the hotel business as the *Herald* put it.

BURIAL OF MRS. ALEXANDER.

The funeral of Mrs. William Alexander of Purdue's Mountain, whose death was recorded in the REPUBLICAN last week, was held on Wednesday August 3 Rev. Benton of the Episcopal church of Bellefonte officiating. There were twelve pall bearers all her immediate neighbors except John P. Harris Esq. Among the relations from a distance, were Gen, Leidy Alexander, step son of the deceased George and John Alexander brothers of Mr. Alexander; from Bellefonte were, Mr. and Mrs. James Harris, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. John Bullock, Mrs. Welch and others. The lady was laid to rest in Purdue's grave yard, on the highest point on the mountains.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Democratic county convention convened at the Court House, Bellefonte, last Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. There was a full attendance, every precinct in the county having a full delegation. County chairman L. A. Schaffer, called the convention to order; before completing the organizations the chairman called upon D. F. Fortney, Esq., to present a banner to the township showing the largest per cent. of gain in the democratic vote over the vote of 1890. The banner was a very beautiful one of silk and is said to have cost fifty dollars. As College township had shown the largest increase and being the banner township in this respect the emblem was presented to that delegation in a neat and appropriate speech by Mr. Fortney. It was accepted by the delegation, their spokesman saying that they would try to show themselves worthy of it and try and hold it by still making gains in the future. Now we say what are College township Republicans going to do about this? are you going to let them do it? after this little diversion the organization was perfected by the choice of J. C. Harper, of Bellefonte, as chairman, C. A. Wilcox, of South Philipsburg, reading clerk; George Bush, of Bellefonte, and W. H. Cromister, of Worth Twp. Tellers.

The reading clerk then called the roll and every one of the 105 delegaes answered to their names. The chair then appointed a committee of five to draft resolutions the committee retired for that purpose. The chair granted permission to each delegation to cast the vote of those who were on this committee, Nominations for associate Judge were next in order and C. A. Faulkner, of Philipsburg, H. T. Harvey, of Boggs, Samuel Decker, Marion, were placed in nomination. Faulkner, was nominated on first ballot, receiving 61 votes to about 27 for Harvey, and 17 for Decker. For Legislature John T. McCormick, of Ferguson; James Schofiele, of Bellefonte; and Dr. P. S. Fisher, of Zion; were place in nomination. Only one ballot was taken which resulted as follows:

McCormick 98, Schofield 75, Fisher 29. McCormick and Schofield were declared the nominees of the convention for Legislature. for Prothonotary, M. I. Gardner, of Bellefonte; C. U. Hoffer, of Philipsburg Charles R. Kurtz, of Centre Hall; D. R. Foreman, of Potter, and W. H. Smith, of Penn, were placed before the convention. At this time the most spirited contest of the day was had, five ballots were taken. Kurtz was dropped after the second, Hoffer after the third, and Foreman after the fourth. On the fifth ballot Smith had 60 and Gardner 45. Smith was then declared the nominee. For District Attorney John M. Keichline and W. J. Singer, both of Bellefonte, were placed before the house but before a ballot was taken Keichline's name was withdrawn and Singer nominated by acclamation. For County surveyor eight or ten names were mentioned but H. D. Herring was the only one that got many votes and was nominated. Five delegates were chosen to the state convention of 1893 as follows; William Wolf, George T. Bush, John Hoy, J. Eskridge, Robert Hunter. The congressional conferrees were instructed to do all in their power to secure the nomination of Aaron Williams for Congress J. C. Meyer, of Bellefonte, was chosen county chairman to serve from Jan 1893.

The committee on resolutions reported. They sustain the state administration, approve the platform made at Chicago, pledge the convention to sustain the ticket this day nominated and condemn the Force and McKinley Bills. A resolution was passed changing the time of meeting of County convention from second week in August to second week in June. The convention then adjourned.

LETTER LIST

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 8, 1892.

Amos H Hanes. Clara Miller, James Mackey, Annie Quigley, Miss Susan Royer Sadie Toner.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. FIEDLER, P. M.

GRANGE MEETING.

Centre County Pomona Grange will meet in the hall of Zion Grange on Wednesday, August 17, at 10 a. m. Let there be a full attendance as business of importance will be transacted relative to the annual picnic on September 12, at Grange Park, J. C. GILLILAND, Sec.

SUNDAY PAPERS.

The Sunday papers will arrive in Bellefonte on Sunday afternoon hereafter between three and four o'clock, regular subscribers can receive then by leaving their order with Dunhamo News Depot No 7 North High St. 23—31 tf.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

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